

18 March. With the exception of a very few things, the repacking was finished today, the ten boys have been signed and we had every hope of being able to get away tomorrow but the boat which was to carry us has decided to go in a different direction. That is not unusual around here, and there seem to be coastal craft every few days; the point is that everything has been done, the books opened and balanced and we are ready to go at the drop of a hat. In the meantime, I will try to give some kind of picture of Samarai. It is a small island, only a twenty minute walk all around it, and has a white population of about 150 and perhaps 300-400 natives. The latter are a colorful lot and their attire varies from a plain grass skirt and nothing else to a Mother Hubbard for the women, and from lava-lavas (long skirts) to trousers and undershirts for the men, the former predominating in both cases. The vegetation is lush and tropical, bananas and other exotics, coconut trees, brightly colored flowers flourish; the flowers, hibiscus, etc., plus a string of tinsel or a shiny bit of metal, serve as decorations in the fuzzy hair of the men, most of whom have dyed it a sort of henna red. The temperatures by day have been about 95, plenty of heat for anybody, but Bunting's houseboys look after us well and in view of what comes next we do not grudge it to ourselves.

The party last night was a very good one; there were more than twenty guests, male and female, and all very good sorts. The women are a gang of two-fisted rum drinkers, and the men are in no way laggards, but there is a great similarity between the people of all these places which are on the edge of nothing, so to speak.

Bluey, Kenn Wynn, is our transport man and has a fluent control of just about all the native dialects; he loves to pretend not to understand and then confound the boys by telling them in their own language not to do whatever little bit of business they were planning. He is a red-haired lad, in his middle twenties and former Air Force. I like him well and we seem to have some sort of bond.

19th March. As all the jobs, including final mailing and packing the few bits of clothing we have to leave here, have been done, I think I can get this day's entry made now although it is still early afternoon. There is not a great deal to say except to bemoan the heat; the breeze dies down in the afternoon and I should think it is some degrees above a hundred as I am writing this. In such weather, although I do not feel bad, I look positively awful and my clothing is wringing wet within an hour after I put it on in the morning.

All the details having been completed, we are to sail tomorrow morning at 0600 on the Govelon (Goblin) and shall spend the night at a place called Dagura; we should reach Menapi about 1000 the next day but actual times will be recorded here as the day arrives. At Menapi we shall select our personal hunting boys and start to break them in to the way we want things done; that must be done in the motu language and by signs and I think Bluey may be working overtime in translating. That too should form a rather entertaining entry here. This evening we are invited to dine with Bunting's general manager, Dusty Miller, and I hope we shall be able to extract ourselves at a decent hour; I have not yet heard when breakfast is to be, but it will be early.

The Goblin is a solid craft, larger than the Lochiel of Cape York days, and has every convenience except a toilet. The night en route we shall most likely set up our cots on the deck as the cabin will be far too hot, and I shall toil at Motu. I want to make a ceremony of giving my boys their equipment, and should at least be able to welcome them into the society of Naturalists.

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All the details having been completed, we are to sail tomorrow morning at 0600 on the Governor (Goblin) and shall spend the night at a place called Dargus; we should reach Menapi about 1000 the next day but actual times will be recorded here as the day arrives. At Menapi we shall select our personal hunting boys and start to break them in to the way we want things done; that must be done in the motor language and by signs and I think Bluey may be working overtime in translating. That too should form a rather entertaining entry here. This evening we are invited to dine with Bunting's General Manager, Dusty Miller, and I hope we shall be able to extract ourselves at a decent hour; I have not yet heard when breakfast is to be, but it will be early.

The Goblin is a solid craft, larger than the Lochiel of Cape York days, and has every convenience except a toilet. The night en route we shall most likely set up our cots on the deck as the cabin will be far too hot, and I shall toil at Motu. I want to make a ceremony of giving my boys their equipment, and should at least be able to welcome them into the society of Nature's lists.



20 March. Last night we were entertained by Dusty Miller for dinner and had an extremely pleasant time, so much so that during our return to the Bunting house, down the hill, Len fell over and I right behind him, fell over him, taking about four inches of skin off my face. Len then doctored me and we had to have another to recover from that grim business so we got little sleep. We rose at 5 to find Van and Ken already waiting us and going down to the dock found the Goblin loaded and ready. We left Samarai finally at 0700 but found her a very slow-moving ship. It was a very nice trip until about 1500, broken several times for tea, and then rain began to teem down; we moved into the cabin but that was so hot that we couldn't stand much of it and tried the after part of the ship - the awnings had been taken down from the forward part in order to set sail since we were travelling so slowly under power. During the bright part ~~of~~ of the day we had clear views of the sea and the land but nightfall found us a long way away from our destination, Dogura, and trying to sleep in our chairs since there was not room enough on the decks for our cots. The various patches of raw flesh on my face have caused me to be called by the boys the "fighting taubada". A taubada (sic) is any white man or any boss, a general name throughout New Guinea and the East Indies.

21 March. It was 0100 this morning when we reached Dogura and as there are no toilet facilities aboard the Goblin, we were relieved in a very literal sense to get there. There are no toilets in Dogura either, for that matter, but there are trees. Then we set up our cots on the little wharf they have there and sank into sleep, to be wakened an hour later by another tropical rain storm so we climbed back aboard the Goblin and slept where we dropped. We left there at 0600, reaching Baniara about 1400 where the patrol Officer, Tony Shewes, joined us and came on to Menapi. There the Goblin's dinghy did most of the unloading of stores and equipment but we were surrounded by outrigger canoes, some of which helped in the unloading until one of them tipped over and lost a 70 lb. sack of sugar. Len and Ken had gone ashore and I had not seen that the stuff was being loaded onto the outriggers until too late; After that accident I watched all sides of the boat and we had no more accidents. We were invited to tea at the Mission after I paid off the helpers with a stick of tobacco each, and were given tea and chocolate cake by Father Chisholm and a lay assistant, Miss Kinneary, and then moved into our quarters, a very rocky hut, on stilts and made of split bamboo with a palm thatch roof. I will not attempt any description of Menapi until I have had a bit more time to examine it, but at least we are here, and here we shall stay for some time. There seems to be a population of less than a hundred and not a rag of clothing beyond grass skirt and loin cloth between them. This evening, as I am writing this, Len is entertaining Fred Mason, one of the two or three traders here, and Ken and Van have gone out hunting and their guns are banging now and then in the distance and it is getting near time to go to bed. I'll close up.

Sunday 22 March. Most of the day was taken up with making camp and I think I shall not start with much in the way of description. The morning was spent in erecting camp, getting flys rigged, pata-patas rigged, work tables set up and the boys divided. I get Niko and Billee, none of whom knows anything about a gun, and tried my hand at Motu in explaining how things should be done. Tomorrow I take them out with live ammunition and let them try out on floating coconuts; it will be only on my recommendation that the District Officer will issue a permit for them to shoot. Recruits are easy to handle but we ~~will~~ shall have some language differences to overcome. I have made up with Bluey's help, a sort of vocabulary of Motu words in which I am interested and with the aid of signs will be able to put them over, I fancy. In a couple of days Bluey will be leaving with his boy, David, to work out the approaches to Mt. Maneao, Mt. Datman on the maps, which we have selected in preference to Mt. Simpson on account of the fact that Shaw

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Sunday 22 March. Most of the day was taken up with making camp and I think I shall not start with much in the way of description. The morning was spent in erecting camp, getting five rigged, bats-pots rigged, work tables set up and the boys divided. I got Mike and Billie, none of whom knows anything about a gun, and tried my hand at Mernapi in explaining how things should be done. Tomorrow I take them out with live ammunition and let them try out on floating coconuts; it will be only on my recommendation that the District Officer will issue a permit for them to shoot. Ben exists are easy to handle but we shall have some language differences to overcome. I have made up with Biney's help, a sort of vocabulary of Mernapi words in which I am interested and with the aid of signs will be able to put them over, I fancy. In a couple of days Biney will be leaving with his boy David, to work out the approaches to Mt. Mameo, Mt. Mameo on the map, which we have selected in preference to Mt. Simpson on account of the fact that Shaw



Meyer recently published an account of some animals he had taken on Mount Simpson; he did not get near the summit but we prefer a new territory anyway. We are pleased to see that our boys do not mix with the Mission natives here and regard themselves apparently as something rather superior; maybe they feel that they have to live up to the scars of Taubada Tate. This afternoon late their soccer football went off with a loud pop as they were kicking it ~~off~~ around after knocking off for the day; we shall try to replace it for them.

23 March. Collections for the six last 24 hours - butterflies, 8; goannas, 1; Microleps, est. 550; snakes, 21 lizards 1; geckoes, 10; centipedes, 3.

This is the first full day of collecting and I think I should keep some sort of approximate. The above is not a bad haul at all, but it includes a few things taken before actual collecting started. This morning I took Niko and Billee out for their first bit of training. We walked perhaps a mile or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  back from Menapi towards Baniara and then got onto the beach. I gave them complete instructions on carrying their guns, broken while passing through the village, loading, cocking the lock, sighting and pulling the trigger. Then I threw some coconuts into the water and fired myself. Both Niko and Billee went over the top, but that ended the first lesson. ~~They did that for a couple of hours~~ I then tackled an explanation of the various things we want to take and finally gave them butterfly nets, killing jars and sent them out. They got the idea quite well but got centipedes into the dry bottles, ruining the butterflies that were there. However, it was a good first lesson. They did that for a couple of hours, then rejoined me and I gave them the second lesson in musketry, making a target of a fallen branch which represented "gaigai badaha", a big snake. I shot it in the neck where it should be shot, Niko blew its head off, a bad shot, and Billee went over the top again. It was about 1030 and rain began to pour down so we knocked off for the morning. I turned my boys over to Bluey for camp chores in the afternoon as Len and Van were both using their three, and got my material fixed up, making a fairly good show. The two snakes are both pythons, I think, one  $67\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and the other 18. It rained in the late evening and there is not much sense in going out this evening. Tomorrow Bluey is going out also, having become more than a little interested; we may have another Jack Roberts in him but with his knowledge of natives, their customs and languages, he should stick to anthropology. Odd to think that he came out here from Wales as late as 1936. The butterflies are not very plentiful yet but we are still in the wet season and they have not yet had a chance.

24 March. It does not seem feasible to keep any kind of record of specimens except in a notebook; there is no particular point in listing them here and there is such variety that a great deal of space would be used which would simply be repetition as I have to list them in the note book first anyway. This morning Bluey came out with me and my boys and seemed to become quite interested in the operations and found them to be more than a little tiring. We spent the morning out, scattered around, and were delayed a bit at the beginning by a promised Govt. boat which did not appear. The boys also seem to be taking hold of their jobs, even springing out of their hut after hours in order to ensnare some brilliant butterfly; their methods so far are far from professional but they will improve. The locals also bring things in but that probably will pass off. Tony Skewes, the patrol officer from Baniara, came over for supper and to spend the night, most of the evening being devoted to ~~the~~ planning the Mt. Maneo attack. Van's trap line yielded nothing at all this morning, but the boys brought in a few bats in the afternoon and he got a couple of things with his light in the evening. Microlepidoptera not so plentiful in the evening as they have been.

25 March. Sent Niko and Billee out in separate directions this morning and Bluey and I went out together again; he seems very interested and enthusiastic and ran himself ragged after dragonflies. He leaves to look into the Mt. Maneo approaches either tomorrow or the day after. The boat mentioned yesterday has not yet shown up and of course there is no communication of any kind so no telling when it will come. I took a picture of our headquarters here this morning; it is a good native house ,

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mounted on stilts, made almost entirely of split bamboo, with a palm front roof. A fly erected beside it is the preparation room and one corner of the house is the kitchen, where a piece of metal forms the fireplace. There is another fireplace outside. I should guess there are about 150 natives in Menapi and it is one of the larger villages; there is a white missionary here, whom we have not seen since the day of our arrival. Coconut trees are all around and every so often one of the nuts falls down with a thump. That is probably the most serious danger which Menapi has. There have been no more snakes since the first two and they were both pythons. We are almost at one end of the village which lines a small cove between two points and runs nearly a half mile along the beach. The water is warm and enticing but we have not had time for any swimming and there are crocs about. Van's collecting so far has not prospered much; he got a couple of possums and bats last night but his traps have yielded only one single specimen. My own bugs are going on nicely and reptiles other than snakes also are doing well. Tony Skewes, the Patrol Officer who spent last night with us, is a nice lad and seems rather young for such a large district. I have asked him to consult with the European Medical Officer at Baniara regarding taking tooth casts; ~~however~~ it is too risky for us to touch because if after making one of the casts, the native became sick, it would be our sorcery which had caused it and it could easily close up the Expedition. There are sufficient different natives at Baniara to supply anthropology and they go to hospital there so there would be no such risk. The weather now is improving, nights are a little cooler and much of the humidity has gone, with daily temperatures ranging from 85 to 90.

25 March. We are really in hope of some mail coming in tomorrow as a Govt. boat really did stop at Baniara this afternoon; we saw it put in there and as our mail was sent down by runner yesterday, it at least should get away in fair time. Probably one of the native police will bring up anything there may be for us there. Ken leaves tomorrow, not being able to get away today and I think a few words about him would not be misplaced. I find him a most likable chap - about 30-32, I should imagine, fiery red hair, a foul Australian mouth and out from Wales in 1936. RAAR during the war and possessor of a knowledge of the natives and native tongues, which, I should think, would be of inestimable value to Govt. The head boy, Jimmy, goes with Ken and also a local native, Patrick, and they will be away for at least twelve days. Our boys have nothing to do with the locals who are under Church influence, but they, the locals, bring in specimens for me; the exchange rate is a stick of tobacco for a snake or goanna and a ship's biscuit for anything else. The hunting which the boys and I do is fairly productive too but I hope for better things when we are away from salt water. A habit of our boys is to dress their hair and heads up with fronds of silky grass and hibiscus or other colorful flowers when returning to camp after the day's work is done. Len's boys are particularly colorful, probably because he is a botanist, I suppose. It is rather difficult to believe that not two months have yet passed since we left New York; the surroundings are so incredibly different that it is hard to convince oneself that it is even the same world. There has not been much chance to take any pictures since our arrival here, we have been so busy, but I have one or two and want particularly to get Len's party coming in from work some day. We are still without a visit from the Mission but Bill Mason, the trader of whom Rev. Cratwell said he was "not favorable to Missions" drops in some evenings. He usually manages it about the time of the rum issue.

27 March. The boys in their hut have been going through their customary evening chant for the last two hours and it is not yet over; every few minutes one of them remembers a verse which had previously escaped him and off they go again. Sometimes there is a vague resemblance to a hymn but they are not Mission boys and whenever the Mission bell goes, and it goes with great frequency, as this is a High Church Mission, there is a concerted yell from our boys, "knock off", they having learned that much English when working on plantations and so on. Keem and Lesimo, the cook and his helper, have learned under Len's tutelage to make a very good baking of bread; we had the second batch today and it is very good. We find ourselves thinking less and less

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27 March. The boys in their but have been going through their customary evening chant for the last two hours and it is not yet over; every few minutes one of them remembers a verse which had previously escaped him and off they go again. Some times there is a vague resemblance to a hymn but they are not Mission boys and whenever the Mission bell goes, and it goes with great frequency, as this is a High Church Mission, there is a concerted yell from our boys, "Mock off", they having learned that much English when working on plantations and so on. Ken and Basimo, the cook and his helper, have learned under Ken's tutelage to make a very good baking of bread; we had the second batch today and it is very good. We find ourselves thinking less and less



of Crutwell, the missionary with whom Len corresponded who has gone back to England for a year's furlough; he left his dog here, a good one, apparently in somebody's charge as it is being fed, but it is a white man's dog, does not like natives nor native dogs, and is trying its best to move in with us. It spends most of its day under our hut and this morning I found it fast asleep in our washing quarters. We cannot take it on because we shall be moving out in about five weeks and could not take it along with us. We were all up shortly after 0500 this morning to get Ken away, after having been awake half the night with terrific thunder, rain and lightning. ; the little dry creek beds around the camp were young torrents this morning. The boat did arrive at Baniara yesterday and we will get a bit of mail, mostly from Samarai, though Len had a letter from Marie and I one from Miriam; mine was dated March 9th, only 18 days ago, which is good time, but it is such another world ~~and~~ that such a thing does not seem possible at all. All well in Brooklyn, I am glad to learn, though Marie has had to return to Memorial Hospital for more treatments and is staying with Miriam.

28 March. This has been a sizzling day and not a good one from the point of view of collecting. Some time yesterday Len managed to wrench his back and when I got up this morning, he was writhing on his cot trying to raise himself; it took both of us to get him on his feet. Our daily routine is now quite definite. We get up at 0600 and have tea; we have breakfast at 0700; go on our collecting rounds until 1030 to 1100 and then return for more tea; lunch is at twelve; then collecting to 1500 to 1530; tea again; fix up the specimens taken; bath consisting of a pail of warm water about 1700; sundowner (rum and water) 1800; supper 1830; then light-trap and occasional jack-light hunting until perhaps 2200; then turn in. A long day. The meals consist largely of bread and tinned stuff but there is a fair amount of fresh fruit available and people come from long distances to sell it to us for a few sticks of tobacco which are currency here. The boys have even less variety than we; their daily ration is a cup of rice, a half-cup of either wheat meal or peas, what plantains or bananas we choose to buy for them (we are fairly liberal) and three sticks of tobacco and two tins of meat per week. I am getting on with their language and by signs and single words can tell Niko and Billee to go up to the gardens and catch snakes, lizards, butterflies, grasshoppers and in fact everything I am collecting. Sometimes I hit exactly on their accent, which is a case for cheers on all sides, but they are a cheerful lot and we get along. The locals have some peculiar ideas and I have only absorbed a few so far. The property-holding mark is anything which is not natural. A gun or a haversack apparently is a matter of "finders keepers" but if a palm leaf is stuck in the muzzle of the gun or a handful of grass or a coconut shell placed on the haversack, that will never be disturbed. Soon I must line the boys up and get some pictures; Len's are Sugimoto, Tommy and Bobby; Van's are David (actually Ken's personal boy), Isolele and Lik-lik; mine are Niko and Billee, Jimmy is the head-boy (now away with Ken) and the cooks are Keem and Losimo. Tonight we, Van and I, since Len cannot walk, are going over to see Bill Mason, the trader - I am looking forward to some cold beer and Van to cold ginger-beer. (The English are given to the boys whose real ones are not easily pronounceable.)

Sunday, 29 March. I am not sure whether I said yesterday that the local Bishop was due in Menapi today, but he didn't show up anyway; too bad because Gussie, the local incumbent, a dainty-little creature, dragged himself out of the Mission to alert the population yesterday, the first time we have seen him out in the open, and fell off one of the log bridges, muddying his lovely white stockings and shorts. It has been a bad day, extremely humid and with rain most of the afternoon which precluded any hunting. Speaking of hunting I am not sure whether I mentioned that the Museum expressed a wish for quantity and they are certainly going to get it; a couple of days ago Niko brought in somewhat ~~and~~ haltingly, since he did not know whether I wanted it, a frog. I praised it since I do want them, and Niko and Bill went out in the afternoon and brought back 114 of them. That is known in scientific circles as getting a series. Len's back is a bit better this morning and we are busy getting ourselves into shape for the ascent of Mt. Maneo, on some maps as Mt. Dayman, which

of Grinwell, the missionary with whom Ken corresponded who has gone back to England for a year's furlough; he left his dog here, a good one, apparently in somebody's charge as it is being fed, but it is a white man's dog, does not like natives nor native dogs, and is trying its best to move in with us. It spends most of its day under our tent and this morning I found it fast asleep in our washing quarters. We cannot take it on because we shall be moving out in about five weeks and could not take it along with us. We were all up shortly after 0500 this morning to get Ken away, after having been awake half the night with terrific thunder, rain and lightning; the little dry creek beds around the camp were young torrents this morning. The post did arrive at Banister yesterday and we will get a bit of mail, mostly from General, though Ken had a letter from Marie and I one from Miriam; mine was dated March 9th, only 18 days ago, which is good time, but it is such another world that such a thing does not seem possible at all. All well in Brooklyn, I am glad to learn, though Marie has had to return to Memorial Hospital for more treatments and is staying with Miriam.

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we propose to tackle in about five weeks. It has been at least partly climbed in 1894 by a police patrol, but they did not reach the summit and their records of flora and fauna are not good. The same thing applies to the main mountains of Goodenough Island, though there is only one claimant to having climbed it, as far as we know, and his claim has not been substantiated. Ken should be back in another ten or twelve days with a report on what we may expect of Maneo, and after we see him I can state the route by which we shall travel. I find myself rather amused by the little girl natives. All girls or women whatever their ages, wear the grass skirt and nothing else; it sticks out fore and aft like a crinoline which has been cut short, and the little girls, somewhat tilted back naturally, with their small bellies preceding them, and the bustle of their skirt following them, make quite a sight. Had rather a pleasant time with Mason last night, but we only did away with three bottles of beer. Mason is employed by a trader named Spiller, who at the moment is on his way to England. Spiller married a native woman, Mollie, who lives in his house. She was paralysed during childbirth, Mason says, but speaks fairly good English and is quite vivacious. Our discussion was mainly about snakes and both Mollie and Mason have some odd ideas regarding them. Incidentally, we are allotting about three months to the Maneo operation as we shall have to make intermediate camps at different elevations, and shall return to Samarai after that job, to re-equip and rest before the Goodenough ascent.

30 March. Our greatest weakness showed itself today; none of us knows anything about any kind of machinery. Niko took the forearm off my shotgun to clean it and I cannot get it on again; Len got himself a new watch in Brisbane and cannot figure out how to set the hour hand and Van spent a full hour puzzling the intricacies of a can-opener. It was with considerable fear that I decided that I must have a new ribbon on this typewriter, but that has been accomplished, as this shows. The Bishop appeared at the Mission about 1130 this morning and left again shortly before 1400; there was no acknowledgment of our existence made at all, not even a suggestion that they take out mail for us, which I consider not only a Christian thing but a plain white man's thing. The wind shifted in the afternoon and there are whitecaps on Menapi; may we trust that the Bishop is seasick in a good Christian way. The morning did not offer very much in the way of specimens so in the afternoon Van and I took our five boys and one of Len's botanical boys out and tried a new direction; we followed up a track through sago palm gardens, nearly boot deep in mud in places, and then got onto a creek bed. The water varied from ankle to knee ~~deep~~ depth but it turned out to be a prolific collecting ground for me and Van saw a number of places which, he thinks, will prove to be good trapping sites. So far his traps have ~~not~~ yielded practically nothing, though he has about 150 out. I went out there during the morning and was advised by Bill Mason, that I should take a native guide as even the Police Officers get bushed there; it is not that bad but I did go to some pains to mark my trail clearly enough so that I could get back again. In the afternoon the wind change took place and now it is blowing half a gale straight inshore. There is rain in the air too so that the night and perhaps tomorrow also may be bad. It doesn't matter just so long as the Bishop is uncomfortable.

31 March. Last night was comparatively cold, temperature running between 79 and 85 degrees, but today was warmer, with much of the humidity gone and a reasonably cool breeze. My collections improved but I can hardly call this place infested with snakes; only three have come in since our arrival. This morning after my stint of collecting I managed to get a few photos which I hope will turn out well; I got Len and his botanical boys returning, but Len had been working in swamps so, disgruntled, they had not done themselves up with flowers for their return. I got about three other pictures but am not sure enough either of myself or of the camera to be certain of their quality; the weather has been somewhat against picture-taking anyway. Today Ken should be working on the main Maneo ascent; it has been a good day for it but we are awaiting his report quite anxiously; that of course will come with his return here, as will the move to sub-camps from here. Van definitely is doing poorly with his mammals and a move somewhere else is in order. A strong on-shore breeze last night cut my light-trap takings down to about 60; previous nights have never been below 400 and sometimes have reached over 600. However, there are lots more nights. Tonight

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I have sent George a report of collections which comprise the following: Herpetology, 182; Entomology (including light-trap) 5147; Sundry, 34; I consider that a pretty good showing for nine days. The boys have contrived a drum of sorts, probably an empty can of some sort, from which they produce a peculiar rhythm, and to it they sing a Motuan version "You are my sunshine"; there is no doubt about the melody but the words are not too clear.

1 April. Today the collection improved again, with the addition of our first venomous snake, a black, *Pseudochesis*; of which the book says, in a pleasant way, that its bite is rarely fatal. This one will not give any fatal bites for he has been under water for six hours already and will stay there for the rest of the night. The Govilon has been side-tracked but the MacLaren King is now in Menapi Bay and we are getting mail finished up to go to Samurai on her. Next Tuesday Len and Van will leave here for Dabora, where the caves are; one of us must stay here, and I have been elected, with one of the cooks and my two boys. Len and Van are going on the Ruru, which is going trading and will pick up Ken on her return trip and Van and Len later as it will be a day and a half run after getting Ken before she reaches Dabora again. I think I have not said very much about the Samurai people, but the reason for Bunting's offering his house to us was because when he escaped from the Japs, the Americans treated him very royally and this was a means of paying off part of this debt; it was so with Rusty Miller too except that he was entertained in New York, not having been captured. Another character whom we met during Cape York and of whom we formed an unfavorable opinion, is Cap'n Ted Smith; we steered clear of him during the Cairns days and his reputation is not good, but now he is trying to interest capital in the guano of the Dabora and other caves. Since bats, not birds, are the main inhabitants of the caves, he has become known as Batship Bill, so one assumes that the Samarai people have much the same opinion as we. These ships, by the way, the MacLaren King, Gavilon and so on, are not ships as we understand them but most are launches below fifty feet, like the Lochiel, of Cape York days; she is still afloat and living up to her reputation since the man who last bought her drowned while looking for shell. Now I must close up in order to get this mail on board the MacLaren King, which is ~~said~~ said to be leaving early tomorrow morning. That may mean practically any time, but we do not care to take the chance of missing her.

2 April. Our oracle, Bill Mason, who has a radio schedule with Samarai, informs me on two important matters today. He heard that a boat will be sent out from Samarai directly after Easter (this being British, that means sometime after next Monday), and also that the Korean War is somewhere near settlement. We have heard the latter for the last eighteen months, of course. Other than the above there is little to report today. There was a heavy rain storm towards evening, and tomorrow, being Good Friday, we are giving the boys the day off. As their prized soccer football has been burst, I have ordered another for them but that will not come in for some two weeks or so, I expect, unless the mail which went out today gets some special attention. We assume that Ken is somewhere near the top of Maneo just now, either on his last lap going up or his first lap coming down; the weather has not been particularly good for his attempt, but it is likely that at that elevation there will be rain storms any time of the year and Maneo has something of a reputation as a rain-gatherer. I don't think there is much more to write about tonight.

3 April. This being a holiday for the boys there will not be much in the nature of business to write about; we have Bill Mason coming over from his store for supper and intend to try on him some of the new Army rations which we were asked to experiment with. If Bill and the rest of us survive, no doubt the Army will be able to eat them. I have jotted a few things down in my note-book to write about. A peculiar thing was started during the mid thirties, a cult known as Kago. Somebody had persuaded the natives that there were Heavenly forces which would look after them; to aid those powers the huts, the men's houses, and ~~dubus~~ were built much higher than was the usual custom, to be a step down for the angels. Of course nothing happened except the war and then came the American forces whose influence is still powerful in the native memory. The natives probably do not realize what the Yanks saved them from,

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but the bountiful American supplies and the sometimes thoughtless liberality and generosity were undoubted examples of Kago working; as a result, we are expected to supply handouts and sometimes we are asked when the rest, and presumably the more liberal, of the Americans are coming. We have assured them that no more are coming and as a consequence, perhaps, no extra high huts are being built. I remember much the same thing happening when Hamilton Rice went up the Uraricoera, paying double the usual rate of trade for labor, and the succeeding difficulties which we encountered when we tried to get porters for the Roraima job. Yesterday Losima, the cook's mate, had to go to the trading post to get coconuts; while there he spotted something in the store which he wanted and on his return to our camp he sidled up to me and asked me for ten bob; his rate of pay is twenty shillings a month, of which the Govt. withholds 15/-, and they are not due for pay until next week anyway. They have so little and work so hard to get so little that it is hard to withstand such a plea, but it is another example of Kago and can not be allowed. Kago, boiled down, is simply something for nothing. Some of the locals have developed the habit of bringing things, mainly butterflies and goannas, in to trade with me; size is the only ratio they can use and ship's biscuits and tobacco sticks are the only things I can trade. A large snake is worth two sticks, a small one (which may be much rarer and more valuable) is priced at one stick, and the broken butterflies which the kids bring in in their grubby little hands are worth a quarter of a biscuit, if anything. About mid-morning ~~the~~ our boys were quietly beating their drum and chanting a chant which certainly did not sound very Christian when Gussie arrived and asked that a good thorough Christian gloom be observed; we had to stop the drum and the singing, but hearty laughter is now coming from their godown so they are not seriously offended though I doubt if it will improve their opinion of the locals.

4 April. Another good hunting day was climaxed in the evening by a native who brought in a snake very much like the Australian brown. I don't think it really can be because the head is different and the A.C.B. has never been found in Papua, though the Taipan (bad luck to him) has. If this should be it, my reputation is made, in a way. Tony Skewes arrived over this evening from Baniara with his superior, Peter O'Sullivan, who has returned from sick leave; they are both nice lads and will be of much value to us. We have the feeling that some further word regarding us may have come from Port Moresby, but they are the sort of chaps who would do anything they could just because they are as they are. A ship, the Betty Ann, sent out by Banting to pick up the copra in Bill Mason's shed was due here about 1600 hours but has not yet arrived (it now is 2030); she should bring mail out and take it back ~~xxxx~~ but when she will arrive and depart again is something of a question. A day or so I took a few photos and did so again today; the natives love to have their pictures taken and their desire to pose is second only to their wish to have a copy of their own photo. Little Losima, the cook's mate asked me, "Bimeby, taubada, you give me picser", to which I replied, "Yes, Lssima, bimeby we get Samarai; I get you picser". We shall have to have quite a number taken and printed when we get back there. They will have to be black and white of course, as we cannot get kodachromes done within a suitable time. Looking at the beginning of this entry, perhaps I had better explain the Taipan is so much like a giant specimen of the Australian Coastal Brown snake that for a long time they were assumed to be the same genus; later it was established that they were not - the Taipan is much larger, much more ferocious and venomous, and has different scalation. That does not matter ~~xxx~~ much, since the Taipan has already been found in New Guinea; the trick comes in finding the A.C.B. here, because it has not been done before.

5 April. The big news is the arrival, about twenty hours late which is not much in these latitudes, of the Betty Ann. Len and I went to meet her in and the captain gave us a letter containing a bill from Bunting. There were two mailbags, one addressed to Menapi and the other to Baniara, and our gloom was great when Bill Mason went through the Menapi one and found nothing but newspapers in it. However, our luck was good because Tony and Peter had not yet returned to Baniara, having spent the night at the Mission, received and opened the Baniara bag there at the Mission, and

but the doubtful American supplies and the sometimes thoughtless liberality and generosity were undoubtedly examples of Kago working; as a result, we are expected to supply handouts and sometimes we are asked when the rest, and presumably the more liberal, of the Americans are coming. We have assumed that no more are coming and as a consequence, perhaps, no extra high mts are being built. I remember much the same thing happening when Hamilton Rice went up the Utrisco, paying double the usual rate of trade for labor, and the succeeding difficulties which we encountered when we tried to get porters for the Borama job. Yesterday morning the cook's mate, had to go to the trading post to get coconuts; while there he spotted something in the store which he wanted and on his return to our camp he added up to me and asked me for ten bob; his rate of pay is twenty shillings a month, of which the Govt. withholds 15/-, and they are not due for pay until next week anyway. They have so little and work so hard to get so little that it is hard to withstand such a plea, but it is another example of Kago and can not be allowed. Kago, pulled down, is simply something for nothing. Some of the locals have developed the habit of bringing things, mainly butterflies and sometimes, in to trade with me; also is the only ratio they can use and ship's biscuits and tobacco sticks are the only things I can trade. A large snake is worth two sticks, a small one (which may be much rarer and more valuable) is priced at one stick, and the broken butterflies which the kids bring in in their grubby little hands are worth a quarter of a biscuit, if anything. About mid-morning ~~the~~ our boys were dutifully beating their drum and chanting a chant which certainly did not sound very Christian when Gwase arrived and asked that a good thorough Christian groom be observed; we had to stop the drum and the singing, but hearty laughter is now coming from their gloom so they are not seriously offended though I doubt if it will improve their opinion of the locals.

4 April. Another good hunting day was climaxed in the evening by a native who brought in a snake very much like the Australian brown. I don't think it really can be because the head is different and the A.C.B. has never been found in Papua, though the Tapan (bad luck to him) has. If this should be it, my reputation is made, in a way. Tony Gwase arrived over this evening from Baniera with his superior, Peter O'Sullivan, who has returned from sick leave; they are both nice lads and will be of much value to us. We have the feeling that some further word regarding us may have come from Port Moresby, but they are the sort of chaps who would do anything they could just because they are as they are. A ship, the Betty Ann, sent out by Banting to pick up the copies in Bill Mason's shed was due here about 1600 hours but has not yet arrived (it now is 2030); she should bring mail out and take it back ~~xxxx~~ but when she will arrive and depart again is something of a question. A day or so I took a few photos and did so again today; the natives love to have their pictures taken and their desire to pose is second only to their wish to have a copy of their own photo. Little losses, the cook's mate asked me, "Bimby, taudaba, you give me piceser", to which I replied, "Yes, Basima, bimby we get Basima; I get you piceser". We shall have to have quite a number taken and printed when we get back there. They will have to be black and white of course, as we cannot get Kodachromes done within a suitable time. Looking at the beginning of this entry, perhaps I had better explain the Tapan is so much like a giant specimen of the Australian Coastal Brown snake that for a long time they were assumed to be the same genus; later it was established that they were not - the Tapan is much larger, much more ferocious and venomous, and has different scalation. That does not matter ~~xxxx~~ much, since the Tapan has already been found in New Guinea; the trick comes in finding the A.C.B. here, because it has not been done before.

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came out with a bunch of mail for us. So everything regained its usual rosy color. Business in collecting continues good, with Niko bringing in two big tree ogannas which I, I am afraid, I must skin tomorrow; they are too big for pickling. By the light of day the brown snake that came in last night looks even more like the Australian Coastal and maybe I shall become famous after all. With the mail in, we had of course to give the boys the afternoon off while we attended to it. It is Sunday and there is no harm done as far as that goes, though they will get overtime for the morning's work they all put in. The weather seems to be becoming a bit more bearable now; the strong southeast trades are blowing more or less constantly and there is little rain during the days or nights. I hope it will hold and of course we are all anxious to hear what Ken Wynn has to say on his return from Maneau. Len and Van with their six boys leave day after tomorrow and Niko, Keem, Bili and I shall have to hold the fort here alone. It will be a bit lonely during the nights I expect, as the boys do not sleep in the same quarters as we, but I have been doing some sound sleeping myself and doubt if I shall remain awake long enough to think much of that. Some of the local young women came over this morning, dressed in their best brilliantly dyed grass skirts; we got some pictures and I hope mine come out, but I am afraid of the camera. I lose a lot of every film I put into it, and am afraid it will give up the ghost entirely before long. Now that I have got picture-taking into my blood, that would annoy me very much, and Miriam would not be able to keep up with our doings.

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6 April. First of all, I forgot to note here that yesterday was a Sunday. That is my main calendar and when I do not mention it, it puts me off for the rest of the week. Maybe the above will straighten me out. There is not a great deal of urgent news; probably the departure of Len and Van tomorrow and their boys is the main thing, but that can keep until they get back and we exchange notes on what has happened. There is a big dance in Menapi village today; it started about 1600 hours and now is just getting nicely warmed up but it has a lot of incongruities, this being a Mission village. Len and I strolled over to watch during the early evening, before dark, but it was too cloudy and gray to get any pictures. There were two teams of men dancers, eight on each side in two files, facing one another. They were done up in good Papua fashion, drums, tail feathers, feather headdresses and so on but the effect was marred by the fact that the most ferocious-appearing of them had a five-cell flashlight stuck in his girdle. While they were dancing, the dance consisting of a shuffled movement like a two-step, two all-women teams of soccer players were battling together in a field abutting on the dance floor. The women wore only their grass skirts and I trust that if I say the football was floppy, I shall not be misunderstood. Last night we were royally entertained by Bill Mason and Mollie and the food they put on rather shamed our poor effort to wine and dine Bill a day or so ago; we had nothing to offer but the meat-and-gravy part of the new Army rations we are trying out, and the meat part of that is not so hot, but Bill put on scrub hen with three vegetables, followed by jelly and ice cream (made in their kerosene freezer) and we rather cringed. He followed that by creme-de-cacao, but ruined that by serving tea with it, and we finished the evening by listening to the Australian broadcast. It makes our kind of living seem rather rough, though, and I suppose the next few days, with only myself to prepare for, will be a bit rougher. Keem, the cook, remains with me, and of course my own two boys, Niko and Bili, but there will be only one European eating meals. One lens has come out of one of my pairs of glasses; I suppose that may be good as I shall be able to see different things with each eye.

7 April. A few more words about the dance might be in order as our own boys took part in the evening; I don't know when it stopped but Van and I walked over about 2100 and stayed for a half-hour. I should state regarding the remarks I made yesterday that although they pair off, they do not dance as partners no touch each other in any way. The locals form up in two teams, as I said, but our boys, from Fergusson Island, dance in a circle and at the end of the dance they all converge, hissing as they close in on each other. They concocted dance dresses for themselves from shredded palm leaves and made paper crowns; practically all the cooking utensils were over at the dance ground and Siginotu had managed to borrow a drum from some unwise Papuan. They were outnumbered about fifty to seven, as Keem and Losimo, perhaps because they are from Goodenough Island, did not dance though they did join in the chanting, but they made almost as much noise in a much more menacing way than did the local Papuans and attracted a good number of spectators away from the more accepted steps. There were no women dancing with our boys nor did they join in much in the dancing of the locals, but tripped around blithely all by themselves, one woman carrying a stick over her shoulder all through the dance like a soldier with a sloped arms. This afternoon, Len and Van, with their six boys, departed for Dabora and probably will not return until Saturday. That leaves me in a rather Crusoe-like position with four Man Fridays and the cook, Keem, has asked if he can go out hunting with Niko sometime. There will not be enough work around the camp to keep him busy and it is a good idea, I think. This spell will give me a chance to get the books balanced and get caught up with my mail, among other things. One further word about the dance - it would have been quite spectacular had it been done around a bonfire but the glaring light of Tillie lamps, plus the aforementioned five-cell flashlight rather spoiled it.

8 April. I think I mentioned a few days ago, in connection with our dinner with Bill Mason, that these days alone might be rather rougher than others. I was completely wrong and the three boys have been looking after me like nothing on earth. Almost I am beginning to put on the weight that I lost after leaving Port

reaching





Moresby; and with the Southern Cross shining over my right shoulder, the beat of the distant surf, the rattle of the jungle noises and the singing of my lads, what more could one want. "What ain't we got + we ain't got dames." This afternoon, in response to Keem's request, I sent him out on walk-about with Niko. He made a moderate catch of butterflies and Niko came in with a python, as well. Keem had seen it first, "I see gai-gai but I fright - I call Niko". While they were out - I had given Keem the equipment that Bili uses - Bili was putting hob-nails in my boots for the mountains. One of the locals whom I have seen before happened to pass the camp and I hailed him with good afternoon: Bili rushed out of the fly where he was working, "Yes, taubada; yes, taubada". They certainly are taking good care of me. And I think a few words about them would not be out of place. Keem and Losimo, cook and assistant-cook, are more or less general factota; they belong to nobody in particular, but to everybody in general. They will rate a personal present from all of us at the end of the job. But Niko and Bili, they are my personal property; nobody can put them on any job unless I tell them to work for that taubada. They are my responsibility and I am theirs. Both of them have huge, fuzzy heads of hair, each with a patch over the right eye henna-ed; it amazes me to see Niko put out a cigarette and then stick the butt in his hair as I have seen many a soldier stick one behind his ear. But an ear is just one thing and Niko's hair cannot be called that. I wonder how he finds it again. He is a good, upstanding figure of a savage, a skilled hunter and knows more English than he admits, and is far from dull. Bili, on the other hand, is a round, pudgy little lad, rather on the dumb side but quite willing and tries hard. I must say that nowhere have I seen any evidence of the thought, "why do you have all this and I only have that". So much for my own boys, and I have nothing to do with Len's or Van's. Keem and Losimo, the general property, are another question. Keem has worked with white people before and for a long time, I suspect. His English is quite understandable, his manners are impeccable and his cooking good; Losimo is a little fellow, not much over 4½ feet tall, but a hard and good worker, and most anxious to please. I write all the foregoing knowing quite well that their intellect is not much above that of a child, that they can turn as quickly as one turns the page of a book, and that there have been many cases of "running amok" among these people. Keem's real name is Capodia Aboakera, and that of Sugimutu, one of Len's flower-flower boys, is Sugimutu Tamadagalaga; I have not been able to apply the real names to the others but as we are having a pay-day on Saturday, I must do so then. The payments made must be entered on their contracts.

9 April. There has been such a gale blowing during the last two nights that none of the little bichus which would normally come to my light-trap have been able to stop at the camp. Just blown up into the mountains, I suppose; but tonight the wind is not so strong and I may get something. The night before the wind started I got, at a conservative estimate, 1100; the next two nights, nothing. The big news today is a letter which came in by runner about 1700 hours from Ken; he wrote from Medino, a village two days travel away, had reached the top of Maneau and thinks we shall have no great difficulty. His climb, so far as we know, is probably the first since the 1894 effort, and when the rest of us get there, it will be the third ascent. As with Roraima, we shall not be the first, but when we come down, we shall know more about the place than anybody else. Ken said that he and his boys ran short of food and were tired; I am glad that we arranged for the Ruru to call at Medino and pick them up. The day has been quiet; fair collecting, and the boys, Keem, Niko and Bili, looking after me as though I were their wealthy aunt from the country. Reading yesterday's bit of journal over again, I think I may have short-changed Bili a bit; in addition to what I said then, I should add that at the dance Bili beat his tin pot louder than anybody else, hopped about with greater abandon and hissed far more vigorously and loudly than any other of our boys. Perhaps that raises him from the dumb class, and he did a good job of hobbing my boots. Some time last night I was roused by such a ~~rustling~~ rustling of the thatch of the house that it sounded as if all the specimens we have taken had come to life and were trying to crawl in; tonight I have found that it is caused by the buckles of some straps of Len's which are hanging over the bamboo wall and by the wire supports of my light-trap





scratching against things. The wind is rising again now, and I suspect that there will not be much of a catch in the trap tomorrow after all. The books are now in balance and I think this ends tonight's entry.

10 April. As I suspected the gale last night kept all little bugs out of the light-trap and the cupboard was bare this morning. Just one moth which had blundered somehow - showing off its against-wind prowess to its girl-friend, I expect. Two events enlivened the afternoon, three to be exact. First I sent Niko and Bili out with dipping nets to get a few of the little fish I had seen in the little creeks and they came back loaded with them; old John Nichols of the Fish Dept. should be delighted. The second and third were the return of Len, Ken, Van and the boys, and the snake in Gussie's garden; I'll take them in reverse order, as I was on my way to meet Len, Ken and Van having arrived, when I was hailed by Gussie who was parading around among about sixteen boys screaming. A snake had jumped at him out of a shed and would I please do something about it. One of the boys had it pinned down with a stick and I stepped on its head but had nothing to pick it up with; I felt around a little gingerly because, having my foot on it, and told the boy to get out of the way, I could not see where its neck ended and its head began. However, I got it home and dumped it in formalin. This morning I compared it with the book and suspect that it is a mulga snake (*Pseudochis papuanus*), somewhat venomous, but I knew that last night anyway. It was rather good to have the others back again and Ken had made a successful climb of Maneau and thinks we shall not have too much difficulty. He is making an official record of the climb which I shall attach to my own copy of this journal. We stayed up until almost 2200 hours planning our route up and think that, on account of the shortage of water, we shall not make a main camp on this summit; that can be covered by a sub-camp from the topmost main camp, and water may offer quite a problem at other points as some of the creeks Ken found will undoubtedly be dried up. That we must handle when the time comes. Van did well with the caves and Len got lots of new plants but I am glad to state that they did not even see the famous "Bottle-nosed snake". I have been counting on getting that ever since I first heard of it, and it would have broken my heart if one of the others got it because I was forced by admin affairs to remain behind that time. I and some of the others will be going probably to the caves at Dabora and those at Tapio in about a couple of weeks and I hope to emerge with friend bottle-nose. Cuttwell actually called it "bottle-shaped" but we could not figure out what kind of bottle he had in mind and it has been altered in our references.

11 April. One of the first things Ken tackled this morning was the forearm of my shotgun. What a thing it is to have a mechanical mind. He took a lot of screws, springs and other gadgets out of it, fashioned a spring stopper out of the top of a fruit tin, oiled the thing, put it together again, and it works. But it is the last time that forearm comes off, provided I can see Niko before he gets at it again. It has been a fairly busy morning with odd jobs and Ken has promised the boys a party this evening. He is giving them half a case of bully beef and some navy biscuits but of that more anon. Later, same night. The locals arrived in full force, tail feathers, headdresses, drums, chants and everything, and our boys, their hosts, ignored them during the dancing, each doing his own particular brand. Keem, the cook, was some sort of Master of Ceremonies and equipped himself with a long wand, to the end of which was attached a bunch of feathers. He would wave it, first in time with the music, then graciously over the dancers, and finally would rush back to the fire and stir the tea with the non-feathered end. A good time was had by everybody and I turned in about 2200 and slept soundly through the last part of the chanting, drumming, screaming and dancing.

Sunday 12 April. Yesterday we received, I found out somewhat later since I was doing something else when it arrived, a quite pressing invitation to go to Baniara today to visit the Patrol Officers, Peter and Tony; it ended with Peter saying that he would be glad to do anything for us, either great or small. Van was still busy with the things he brought back from the caves at Dabora and did not feel

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able to come but the other three of us, with one of Len's flower-flower boys to carry a haversack, set out at 0830 to walk the four miles and make a call. We got there without incident though none of us felt too secure in crossing the long, single-log bridges over some of the creeks, particularly as we know they are infested with crocodiles. When we got to Abouara, the village on the mainland opposite to Baniara Island (it is on an island with a smaller one nearby where the bad criminals are kept) it soon became evident that no look-out was being kept for our coming. We set up a smudge fire, Tomi, Len's boy, hoisted his red lava-lava as a flag to a tall pole, and still nothing happened. Finally a fisherman came along but by that time rain had begun to pour down. We hired the fisherman, with four tobacco sticks, to paddle over to the island with Ken, and eventually a canoe came over for Len, me and Tomi. We found a very strained atmosphere when we got there and have not been able to make out what caused it; the two officers are about to go walkabout and are likely to reach some part of Mt. Maneau at the same time as we; we thought that Ken's completed climb might have something to do with it. I thought also that perhaps we had stumbled on some purely domestic rumpus between them (the position is strained there perhaps, because Tony Skewes, a more refined type than Peter, has been in sole charge for some time and has done a good job, but nevertheless has had to take second place on Peter's return) but the whole thing became rather embarrassing and the rain continued to thunder down. We waited until after 1700 hours and still it poured, so we started back. The canoe trip to the mainland took about half an hour and then we started to walk back, first sending Tomi ahead to warn the cook of our coming and to ask Van to send out some of the other boys with more light (we had one flashlight between the three of us). We went on and on, light getting dimmer and dimmer, the log bridges looking longer and longer and actually becoming more and more slippery, while the streams beneath them, swollen with the rain and completely mud-colored, looked as though they were ~~completely~~ literally crawling with crocs. We made the trip without any mishap at all, because we were especially cautious, and when we were just about half a mile from Menapi, the reinforcements met us. Both my boys, Niko and Bili, had come out, and I think we have arrived at an understanding that we all look after each other; Len was mad because none of his flower-flower boys had troubled to come, and the third of them was David, Ken's permanent boy, on whom Ken looks rather as a son. Of course we were completely saturated but buckets of hot water and a couple of slugs fixed us up, and with a good supper we are as right as rain and glad that we returned and did not spend the night there. There is talk of a Government boat coming to Baniara as one of Bill Mason's boys is on trial; He had been stealing Bill's copra and selling it back to him, and is to be tried by the District Officer; he will come by boat, of course, and we hope that he will not only take mail out for us, but he may bring some in.

13 April. We all recovered from last night's walk without any undue ill-effects but this morning Ken was still so upset over the behaviour that we met at Baniara yesterday that he decided to go again and get things settled with Peter O'Sullivan. Ken feels a great deal of responsibility both towards us and over the treatment which we receive from local authorities. Consequently he left about 0800 again this morning and, just as yesterday, it started to rain about 1000; It has been much too heavy a downpour to do any hunting at all, and none of us has a dry rag of clothing to put on. Ken returned late afternoon, before dark, this time, with word that everything was amicably settled and there was nothing in the way of explanation of yesterday, which rather confirms my belief that we had run into some quite domestic affair which was none of our business. Peter has received official instructions to let us do what we please and simply to stand by to get us out of trouble if we get into it. This is not likely. Ken also brought word that a Govt. boat had been sighted coming in to Baniara; it was the one carrying the A.D.O. for the trial of Bill's boy who has been selling his copra back to him, and an hour or so after Ken came home, a runner came through from Baniara with a batch of mail for us. Incidentally the rain of yesterday came with a change of wind from the

able to come but the other three of us, with one of Ken's flower-lower boys to carry a basket, set out at 0830 to walk the four miles and make a call. We got there without incident though none of us felt too secure in crossing the long single-log bridges over some of the streams, particularly as we know they are infested with crocodiles. When we got to Abomara, the village on the mainland opposite to Baniara Island (it is on an island with a smaller one nearby where the crocodiles are kept) it soon became evident that no look-out was being kept for our coming. We set up a smudge fire, Tom, Ken's boy, isolated him and have as a flag to a tall pole, and still nothing happened. Finally a fisherman came along but by that time rain had begun to pour down. We fired the flares, with four tobacco sticks, to paddle over to the island with Ken, and eventually a canoe came over for Ken, me and Tom. We found a very strange atmosphere when we got there and have not been able to make out what caused it; the two officers are about to go to work and are likely to reach some part of Mt. Khamen at the same time as we; we thought that Ken's completed climb might have something to do with it. I thought also that perhaps we had stumbled on some very dangerous situation between them (the position is situated there perhaps, because they are a more refined type than Peter, has been in sole charge for some time and has done a good job, but nevertheless has had to take second place on Peter's return) but the whole thing seemed rather embarrassing and the rain continued to thunder down. We waited until after 1700 hours and still it poured, so we started back. The canoe trip to the mainland took about half an hour and then we started to walk back, first sending Tom ahead to warn the cook of our coming and to ask him to send out some of the other boys with more light (we had one flashlight between the three of us). We went on and on, light getting dimmer and dimmer, the log bridges looking longer and longer and actually becoming more and more slippery, while the stream beneath them, swollen with the rain and completely mud-colored, looked as though they were crawling with crocodiles. We made the trip without any mishap at all, because we were especially cautious, and when we were just about half a mile from Khamen, the reinforcements met us. Both my boys, Mike and Bill, had come out and I think we have arrived at an understanding that we all look after each other; Ken was mad because none of his flower-lower boys had troubled to come, and the third of them was David, Ken's permanent boy, on whom Ken looks rather as a son. Of course we were completely saturated and buckets of hot water and a couple of slugs fixed us up, and with a good supper we are as right as rain and glad that we returned and did not spend the night there. There is talk of a Government post coming to Baniara as one of Bill Mason's boys is on trial; he had been stealing Bill's copra and selling it back to him, and is to be tried by the District Officer; he will come by boat, of course, and we hope that he will not only take mail out for us, but he may bring some in.

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from the onshore breeze which has been keeping my light-trap empty; my estimate this morning was no fewer than 12,500 of the hight-flying things, after two evenings with nothing whatever. I arrived at that figure by counting a tea-spoon full of them, which came to 250; there were 50 teaspoonfulls. Three weeks from today we expect to launch our attack on Mt. Maneau and I was delighted to find that my foot survived the eight-mile jaunt of yesterday without any undue pain or discomfort; I feel quite sure that I shall be able to reach the summit of the mountain in as good shape as anybody else and I am happy to hear from Ken that there are none of the log bridges which so often span tremendously deep fissures. I had my fill of log bridges last night, even if they only spanned a lot of crocodiles; a single log, greasy from the feet of fifty or so porters is no dish for me.

14 April. About 0500 this morning I heard the rain again and it did not stop until 1400 this afternoon; that cut out all hope of any collecting for the day and the problem then comes how to fill in the day for the boys. In the afternoon we fell them in and had some shotgun practice; my boys both hit their targets and applications for them to warry and use shotguns have now gone in. We ourselves spent most of the day getting our gear ready for the mountain camps, that is, getting an idea of the poundage so that we can estimate the number of porters required. It will work out at about eighty, five under our original estimates. Tomorrow, Van, Ken and I, with our boys, are going to do the Dabora caves again; Bill Mason's trading boat, the Ruru, is going over to Goodenough Island and will drop us at Dabora. After we have worked the caves over again we shall walk home and I propose to get started before dark this time. We end up at a long log bridge at the entrance to Menapi village, and I should like to cross it with due dignity. We have been running well within our original budgets in every phase since we started, an encouraging thing. Tomorrow gives me my chance at the bottle-nosed snake; there will be Niko (Maleina Louena), Bili. (Tadigwa Lolodi) and myself. I am sure that Ken will turn in too but he is not so hot with snakes, nor is Len, for that matter. I seem to have been elected quite unanimously and without a challenge to that job, and I am very sure that I shall not take it lightly at all. There is another creature there, a very special centipede, which I hope to secure also, but on that I shall get help from the boys, who grab them with their hands. That I would not do. The Betty Ann is said to be leaving Samaraifor here on Thursday, and we are hoping to get some of the five orders we now have on hand with Bunting; so far they have not sent us a statement yet either, and it is about time we received that also.

15 April. I think I have three things to jot down tonight, Len's nightmare of two nights ago, our plans for Coronation Day, and the day's work. The first began with a sustained moaning from Len which developed into loud cries, waking Ken and Van and causing me to turn on my light to see what had been happening. He had been dreaming that a large animal had gnawed ~~through~~ its way through his bed and net and had fastened on his posterior; in his dream he had reached down and grabbed its snout and was trying to call Van to take it and add it to his collection. On waking him he reached under his blanket and came up with a small beetle which had bitten him in the rear. On Coronation Day, being a group which comprises an Englishman, an Australian, an American and a Canadian, we shall make due festivities on the top of Maneau. We shall take pictures of ourselves. Len will deliver a talk in English, Ken one in Motu, we shall have an extra ration of rum, and we hope to borrow a flag of some nation, Australian I assume, from Peter and or Tony. This will all take place at the summit of Mt. Maneau, as we shall then be considering our return from the summit to the next camp, and we have discussed sending copies of the pictures not only to her majesty herself, but to the Sydney Post, the New York Times and the Times of London. As for today's work, we visited the caves at Dabora and I am afraid the bottle-nosed snake is a figment of Father Crutwell's mind, if not of his bottle. The caves are rather impressive, but they follow in due order as I tell the story. About 0700 this morning Bill Mason arrived at the hut and said that he hoped to get the Ruru on her way at 0'00; she was to carry us as far as Dabora and drop us there, proceeding herself to Goodenough Island. We arrived at Bill's wharf and the ship left at 0839 reaching Dabora we assume, since

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none of us had a watch, about 1000. We disembarked there, left Losima with the kai at the rest-house, and the rest of us, Ken, Van and I and five boys, went to the caves. They were perhaps a mile or a mile and a half away, through gardens and up a very steep escarpment which I found rather trying as it was greasy from the rains we have had. The entrance to the caves was through a narrow slit at the base of a bit of crag and after we had regained our breath, we girded ourselves with head-lights, gave torches to the boys (electric torches) and climbed in. Bats by thousands were flying there and their droppings landed like rain either on our heads or on the ground; Niko and Bili worked hard and we got the centipede which Crutwell had talked about, nothing especially odd - he lives in all caves - and some odd spiders and other things. But not a sign of a snake of any sort. - just not a sign. The walk back must have been about eight miles by foot, though not more than six on the map, and I was glad to get back, take a good wash, change my clothes and get at the rum ration. After we had penetrated the caves about fifty yards, we came to a place where two passages separated. Van, Kenn and the mammal boys took the right-hand side and Niko, Bili and I went along the other, to avoid being swiped in the eye by the branches and things which the mammal boys were waving around. We went along our passage about fifty or sixty yards and then came to an abrupt drop; I tossed a stone in and counted five seconds before I heard it land; the floor sounded hollow under blows of my snake-stick, so I decreed a hasty retreat and emerged into daylight at the same time as Ken, who was just about overcome with bat fumes. Niko and Bili continued for another quarter hour underground, and I am well satisfied with their work. The eight miles back had the usual proportion of log bridges and my feet suffered somewhat; I knew when I got back that I had been out for a walk. The motor of the Ruru broke down and she was back at Menapi before we were.

16 April. This day there is little to report and in a sense little has been accomplished. We have about exhausted the possibilities of Menapi but cannot move on just yet for a number of reasons. A forest botanist, John Womersley, and a Dutchman whom we met on the plane coming up from Brisbane, Hoogland by name, were supposed to join us here but today a message came in to the effect that only Hoogland would arrive and he is at Baniara as I write. I don't know whether or not I mentioned him in this journal, but I formed an unfavorable impression of him. However he is Len's chicken. We don't know how long we are expected to take him around with us and we can do little ourselves until he shows up and we find out how long he will be staying. I felt a little tired and stiff after yesterday and therefore gave myself some fairly hard exercise during the afternoon with the result that I am in good shape again now and most of the aches and pains have gone. This afternoon the Asst. District Officer from Samarai, who was in Baniara trying a couple of native offenders, came to call; he is a very pleasant fellow named Grove, but he left again early after looking over our activities. Tomorrow we expect Hoogland to show up and I shall be able to record whether the rest form the same opinion as I have. The Betty Ann is loading in Samarai on Friday, tomorrow, and coming straight to Menapi; she should bring the various stores we have on order and, more important, some more mail, and we shall be able to get mail out by her.

17 April. This, through no particular effort of my own, has turned out to be a fair collecting day but the southeast wind is blowing strongly again and nothing comes to the light-trap. The wind has been going as it did a few days ago and, doubtless, also as a few days ago, all of a sudden it will drop and I shall get another twelve thousand bugs in the light-traps. The Dutchman came in this afternoon just after we had lunch and I must confess that his behaviour has been exemplary. His equipment is not but that may be due to Govt. He brought a letter from Womersley damning him pretty thoroughly and he came without food, a tent, a boy or a light to see him into bed. But in all fairness, he has got through his first afternoon and evening without mishap, and I think we were all prepared to be critical. He ingratiated himself by bringing in mail and I heard from Miriam and Dr. Goldsmith. In Miriam's letter there was enclosed a letter from nephew Bill who, in spite of being in the Medical Corps, seems to be being put through a form of Commando training. Hoogland asked almost immediately on his arrival, if he could make the mountain





ascent with us and Len turned him down, with equal celerity. We do not quite know what to make of the Govt. people with which we are saddled as none of them is equipped for the job, nor rationed, nor equipped with porters, and we are not sure whether we can get enough for ourselves, let alone any visitors we may have at the time. Also, we are not prepared to feed them, cook for them, do their laundry and teach them their business, for such a protracted period. We think that the Betty Ann may reach Menapi either tomorrow or the next day and that she will bring the stores which now are on order. That is important, as those stores must be in here before we leave for the mountains, and until we get them our transport problem cannot even be posed, let alone be solved.

18 April. The Betty Ann came in about 1800 hours tonight, bringing mail and bills from Samarai but none from outside; she also brought all the supplies for which we have been waiting, so tomorrow will be an admin. day, checking rations and invoices, paying the bills and perhaps beginning the job of preparing the loads for the mountains. I did an ~~unforgivable, perhaps~~ unscientific, perhaps unforgivable thing today - ate some of the specimens belonging to the Museum. The boys have been getting some very plump and enticing crayfish from the creeks and I have enough for the Fish Dept. Today's catch was eaten as hors d'oeuvres with our evening rum ration, and, with the addition of tomato sauce, tasted quite good. An eel, which came in the catch, smelled so bad that we turned it over to the boys, wiping out the whole Fish Dept. selection of specimens for the day. Len and the Dutchman were out together this morning and I have not had a chance to talk to Len about it but notice that he has been remarkably quiet ever since they set out at 0800. The Betty Ann will probably leave tomorrow and go up the coast a bit but Bill Mason speaks ~~my~~ of going in to Samarai on the Ruru, so we are preparing mail this evening, just in case.

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18 April. The Betty Ann came in about 1800 hours tonight, bringing mail and bills from General but none from outside; she also brought all the supplies for which we have been waiting, so tomorrow will be an active day, checking ration and invoices, paying the bills and perhaps beginning the job of preparing the loads for the mountains. I did an ~~unproductive~~ unproductive scientific, perhaps unproductive thing today - ate some of the specimens belonging to the museum. The boys have been getting some very plump and enticing crayfish from the creek and I have enough for the Fish Dept. Today's catch was eaten as hors d'oeuvre with our evening meal, and with the addition of tomato sauce, tasted quite good. An elf, which came in the catch, smelled so bad that we turned it over to the boys, wiping out the whole Fish Dept. collection of specimens for the day. Lem and the Ditchman were out together this morning and I have not had a chance to talk to Ben today, but notice that he has been remarkably quiet ever since they set out at 0800. The Betty Ann will probably leave tomorrow and go up the coast a bit but Bill Mason speaks of going in to General on the 19th, so we are preparing mail this evening, just in case.



Sunday, 19 April. This day started off with the unloading from the Betty Ann of the stores for the next two months, with something of a consequent turmoil as they all had to be checked in, and now have to be repacked in loads for three or four different camps, all of them within the mountain area, with some trifling discords such as the fact that all the new batch of flour has weevils in it, the dried apricots are still in Sydney, and so on, the checking-in went off according to Hoyle; the repacking offers something more of a problem. The natives in this part of the world have not so far invented any contrivance which will help them in their portage, such as a back-pack, or the panucu of the South American Indians; their idea is simply to get whatever it is onto their shoulders and then walk. As a result, their walking is somewhat circumscribed, and their weight-carrying ~~capacity~~ ability not half of that of other peoples. The method by which we expect to tackle the mountain camps is as follows, and all of the places which I refer to are either on the north side of Cape Vogel or inland from the head of Collingwood Bay, the next one north of which Cape Vogel forms the southern coast. Some kind of vessel, a motor launch of some description, will take us from Menapi around Cape Vogel and along its northern coast (the southern coast of Collingwood Bay) to a place named Biawa. At Biawa we plan to get canoes which will take us up a river as far as a place named Kwagira, and from Kwagira the overland march starts. It is a days walk to the next ataging point, another villaged named Biniguni, where we shall change porters, and at Biniguni some of our stuff will be dropped. A new lot of porters will take us up Mt. Maneau, but again certain stores will be dropped off at what we expect will be our second and third camps, after we have finished with the Top Camp, the first. Our Dutch companion has turned out to be more bearable than I expected, but his presence just now is simply a damned nuisance; I think I said that he didn't bring so much as a tent or a chair, he has long legs like a spider and he is in the way of everything. How we are to get him away from here, we do not know, nor does he seem capable of getting himself away. If the worst comes to the worst, we can simply tell him to go back to Baniara and wait there until Peter or Tony get back. And we have heard not a word of the Forest Officer who is supposed to accompany us to the top of Mt. Maneau. If he should not show up, we shall be that much more pleased.

20 April. Our day this morning started with a rush on the "small house" which, it developed, was due to the cook bringing in water from the creek where the locals and our boys take their baths. Previously we had drawn on the Mission for our drinking water but Gussie started on his tour of ~~inspection~~ the nearby villages and, with true Christian thoughtfulness, locked up his water tank and failed to call either to tell us or to say goodbye. Another, purer, source of water is now being used and the rush has stopped. The day has been spent mostly in getting food and gear packed for the mountain camps and the back of that job has been broken. Niko and Bili went out this morning and brought in the only butterfly which I have seen but not got in the collection; my only means of description was to compare it with Ken's hair and they brought in everything from yellow to black, but in between, there it was. The Dutchman, pleasant enough though he appears to be, is just a damn nuisance and we think he does not even know how inadequately he is equipped. Not a note had he made, and he wanders around in the evening in a male (if there be one) Bikini bathing suit and seems to expect us to ask him to sit down and have a rum clad like that; the boys are offended at him, to say nothing of everybody else. With the stores which arrived yesterday, there was the soccer football we had ordered for the boys, and a game started immediately. Today three of the boys were out of action on account of missing skin in various places and sore feet. Bill Mason put to sea, en route for Samarai, and stalled for an hour, a few feet from his own dock; after about an hour the Ruru went on from there, and out of sight. We hope that he will reach Samarai because we are counting on the Ruru to take us to the disembarking place for the mountain camps.

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21 April. Again most of the day has been spent in packing for the upland camps and the job is just about over now. There was nothing spectacular about it



except the utter inability of the boys to get a strap around a box for the weighing; they are not very complicated straps, but just a little too much. Ken is trying to teach his personal boy David (Bonauba Lelemedi) to subtract and claims that he can already add and multiply; while weighing up boxes which had to be eighty pounds, a two-man load, one came to fifty-seven pounds and Ken asked how much more was needed to make up eighty pounds. After a full quarter of an hour the answer came - thirteen. Another story on Ken came out after his return from his Maneau climb; he came into camp full of beans and very proud of his muscles; he was wearing, as he always does, shorts, but a day or so after his return he admitted that the natives said they were tired of his legs and glad when put on long pants. The European Medical Officer from Baniara came in today and was expected to lunch; he did not show up (a rather ineffectual chap) but was found in the evening sitting on the beach outside our rest-house, which is a Govt-maintained place and more his than ours. He came to supper and in a moment I must ask him about the tooth impressions for which I gave Tony the compound.

22 April. Today has been somewhat uneventful and last night I slept so smoothly that I had difficulty in getting myself going at all, I waked once at the sound of something roaming around the rest-house and turned on my lamp, but could see nothing and soon was gone again. This morning I found out that I had disturbed Ken, but there was no other repercussion. Going my rounds after breakfast, I took my camera for a change, as I wanted to get a picture of an opening in the forest where sago was being prepared, at some time, not now, by the Menapi locals. It clouded up when I got there so I do not know how the photo will turn out. In the afternoon there was some turmoil between Ken and his personal boy, David, and Ken has gone for the night to do some hunting on his own, leaving David behind and taking Jimmy. I think it might be of interest to list the boys' real names and their adopted ones; they rarely use their second, or sur-, names because in most cases their fathers are dead. They take their father's name in addition to their own given name, but one does not mention the name after the possessor has passed away.

My own boys are:	Niko	Maleaina Louena	
	Bili	Tadigwa Lolodi	
Len's boys are:	Sigimutu	Sigimutu Tamada;aga.	The only one whose real name is used.
	Tomi	Eduna Naivina	
	Bobi	Elumana Niudede	
Van's boys are:	David	Bonauba Lelemedi.	(Actually Ken's boy).
	Isolele	Kawabole Louena	(Niko's brother).
	Lik-lik	Nuakabi Kaisula	
The cooks are:	Keem	Capodia Aboakera	
	Losimo	Nagivalina Koluea	

And that is the staff.

Before I forget for the record, I must record that the name of the Baniara medical bloke who dines with us last night is Jack Peters. After finishing last night's entry, I asked him about the tooth problem. Apparently Tony had asked him and Peters simply said, "No, too much trouble" or something like that, which explains Tony's quietness about it. Finally, after I explained how easy it was to do, how we dare not on account of puri-puri, and that he would receive an engraved letter of thanks, all that plus my personal charm and best Belgravian English, he said that it would be no trouble at all and not only would he do it in the Baniara hospital, but also when he was on walk-about on his rounds. Somehow, I am still skeptical.

It has rained a little this afternoon and the evening is humid with practically no wind, yet there are no bugs at the light-trap. It is hard to understand the insect population.

21 April. This morning I went in a new direction, down towards Baniara but off to the right in order to get to the headwaters of the river, Oka Wabero,





where the suspension bridge is. It is a crocodile marsh, but so very populated by foot travellers that I assume the bridge must have fallen in. I found very little activity in the insect world, none whatever in that of the reptiles, and I sweated like a bull. It was a hot day anyway, with very little breeze, and the ten-foot grass prevented that from getting down to where one walks normally. I may have mentioned earlier here that Peter and Tony, the two officers at Baniara, were to go out and patrol last Wednesday week, but it has not come to pass. There was a killing in their territory and one of them had to go and apprehend the murderer; then whichever one of them it was had to hold the first trial and remand the culprit to jail pending the arrival of the judge who would pronounce sentence. The Judge was said to be arriving at Baniara today but there has been no loud cry of "Sail-Ho" with which any boat is hailed, whether coming her or not, so they are still waiting and the patrol has gone with the wind. No doubt the murderer was quite in the right, according to his lights, and his sentence will probably be something like four years on a penal island, where he will work not nearly as hard as he does at home (though he will not have his wife to do it for him) and get free food. The law here listens to the case and judges with a lenient hand when the native knows no better and his crime has not been directed at a white person. Instead of staying out all night last night as he had planned, Ken returned about 2330, very put out and convinced that puri-puri (magic) had worked against him because it rained the moment he reached his hunting area and he and Jimmy did not see or hear a thing; they smelled a possum and that was all. Ken has gone again tonight, taking Jimmy and David (the breech there now being healed) and as soon as they had got a reasonable distance from camp, about to the selected ground, what do you think? It began to rain again. Somebody is making mighty strong puri-puri against Ken these last two days.

24 April. Puri-puri is still strong against Ken and while he and his boys got a little flying possum which they brought in, they also got a large one which stuck up in a tree and was gone when they went out this morning. Some time ago, while I was alone here, I spoke of Losima asking for an advance of ten shillings; it developed that he wanted the money to buy a white lap-lap at the trading store as he felt ashamed of his dirty old red one when waiting on the table. Later on when we offered the boys their "Sunday money" - overtime, that is - he drew out a pound, but learning what he wanted it for, we presented him with the desired white garment. Now he has given his pound to Ken to keep for him, as the other boys, who virtuously refused any Sunday money and wanted it all to mount up till the end of their contracts, have been trying to borrow Losima's pound. They are due for a new issue of lap-laps and those we recently received from Bunting have red monkeys crawling all over them; it would be a good idea to take their pictures when they are freshly garbed in the monkeys. Both Losima and Niko have now recovered from the malaria which hit them two days ago. I dosed them both with Aralen, and then had to do up an open ulcer on Niko's thigh. The soccer ball is getting a lot of punishment in the evenings too, and things just seem to float along quietly. Bill's boat, the Ruru, we hear is on the stocks at Samarai, and held there until some parts come up from Sydney. Consequently our departure from here is a very uncertain thing just at the moment.

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24 April.(cont). I had to finish this day in a hurry in order to catch the Betty

Ann which came in, Samarai-bound, rather unexpectedly, and, while I do not have much to add to what has already been written, there is a little. Just after we had finished supper and were about to settle down to our respective evening chores, a drum sounded outside and a moment later the Menapi dance team, resplendent in feathers, accoutrements of white, tail pieces and so on appeared. Even some of the girls were painted with white and dressed up, an unusual thing; and a dance started outside our house. Our boys listened for a while and then it became too much for them; they started their own dance. It turns out that it is "pay back" for the dance Ken put on when he returned from Maneau, and as Ken is at Baniara, it is more or less love's labor lost, though he arrived back before the end of it.

25 April. There was rather more to the dance than we understood last night. Not only was it pay-back for the previous party but it was also a sort of farewell as the rumor of our departure has already gone abroad. Tobacco was sent out towards the end of the dance and then Ken made a speech on behalf of all of us, thanking the Menapi people for their hospitality and telling them that nothing had been stolen or missed since our arrival and that the face of the people of Menapi was clean in our sight. They selected a spokesman to reply, after considerable mumbling and debate, who said that we had given them one feast and tobacco last night, and that their belly was warm (they were happy about the whole thing). After we had gone they would speak of us and our visit would never be forgotten. As Ken said, the Bull was flying thick and fast. Peter O'Sullivan came over for lunch this afternoon; there was no shipping news and the appearance of the judge has now been put off until June 1st. The Menapi villagers had challenged our boys to a game of football, but their team did not show up and a game developed among ourselves. I played myself, as goalkeeper, and made some remarkable saves, remarkable, that is, for a bloke of my age who has not touched a football since 1919. Which being translated means that the ball happened to hit me and would otherwise have been a sure goal. The Europeans did not last the course and retired for sundowners about 1730, at which time the ladies of Menapi were on their way to prayer meeting clutching their hymn books; our boys were still playing and the girls found football of much more interest than prayers and proceeded to do our boys up good and proper, all the time clutching their hymn and prayer-books. All whites, regardless of their nationalities, are referred to as Europeans in Papua. Tony Skewer, Peter told us, is being transferred back to Samarai and Peter will be on his own; he does not know what will be done in the matter of his patrol, but hopes to see us somewhere later.

Sunday, 26 April. Peter stayed last night and the evening was spent yarning; Ken's remark about the Menapi evening could apply once more, I suspect. I forgot to say that we held a pay parade yesterday afternoon, issued the new lap-laps and took pictures of the boys. The monkey design was not accepted too rapturously as they know about people up in the mountains who have tails and big ears. When they sit down, they make holes in the floor through which their tails hang, and if it is cold, they pull their ears about them and sit huddled up with their tails out in the cold. However, being the last pay before our departure for the mountains, they all collected what was due them for overtime and vanished for the evening; this morning they (the boys) have broken out in a rash of new pipes and probably their money has been extracted by the time-honored means. Losima and Keem take alternate Saturdays and Sundays off. Yesterday was Keem's and Losima had the misfortune to be the cook on the day the Govt. man (Peter) arrived. He performed well, however, apart from putting too much water in the soup and metho instead of kerosene in the pressure lamps, and was duly complimented. As assistant he had Len's boy, Tomi, and passed on to Tomi with interest the rough treatment which Keem is wont to shower on him (Losima). I went up the gully about 1600 after all hands spent an easy day; the boys had asked for a Sunday off and this was it, so we took things lightly, read, packed up some stuff and so on. On my return from my little constitutional Ken told me that the football had been ~~brought~~ brought out again and the little boys of the village, kids of nine and ten who had been forced to go to Church, came from Church and played with such venom that they almost put the big boys off the field. It just shows what religion can do to a football team. Apart from that little bit of news I do not have very much to add to the previous part of this day's entry.

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27 April. We are somewhat in the doldrums at this moment, a period which is apt to occur more than once in any expedition. We have worked this area out pretty thoroughly in all our departments, we are able to move at a day's notice, but we need that day and we can get no word whatever about any ship to take us out. In such cases it usually happens that something quite unexpected in the way of transportation shows and we make a mad rush to get on board of whatever it happens to be; the only bright spots of that sort are the possibility of the Ruru suddenly getting her necessary parts and being able to leave Samarai, and the arrival of the Judge at Baniara next Thursday, if he gets there. The arrival of the Ruru, and we have no reason whatever to expect her, would put us on our planned schedule; and if the Judge reaches Baniara and stays there for a day or so, the Govt. vessel which carries him could easily take us to Baiawa and get back to Baniara in time to take him wherever he wants to go. Both alternatives are quite conjectural. There is a little aftermath to the dance which the villagers put on for us last Saturday; they said at that time that they would lay at our doorstep the next day a lot of fruit and vegetables for which no pay was wanted. (That also was part of the pay-back for previous parties.) They did not do it however, and now they are planning to send the women up about 1600 on Sednesday to start the cooking, and the dance team will arrive later, dance for us and then eat up all the kai. It is a very nice gesture, of course, and means another disturbed night. This evening a trip up my favorite gully gave me another new specimen, a beautifully mottled blue and green butterfly; that gully gives me something new each time I go up it now. The Southeast wind blows strongly every night and nothing comes to the light trap at all.

28 April. As I plan to take a light-trap out this evening to hang in the gully and shall be doing a little jack-lighting at the same time, I am writing the good news now that came in this afternoon. It is to the effect that either the Ruru or some other boat will arrive over the week-end and we should be able to get away either on Monday or Tuesday, which is as we planned and also will put us a week ahead of schedule as planned in New York. That should get us to Baiawa either on Tuesday or Wednesday and we will not then be out of the woods as the question of porters will arise. We will be out of Menapi, though, and in a new collecting area even if we should be stuck in Baiawa for a week or ~~two~~ so. And after that, of course, comes the climb to the top of Maneau, which will make the job seem half done. Following the summit camp, there will be two or perhaps three at other altitudes, then the rest in Samarai and the last step, Good Enough Island and its mountains, which is as high or higher than Maneau. Mails are still a quite uncertain quantity but the good angel i/c expeditions seems to be working well and there will be some kind of solution. Peter may decide to come up himself, or he may send police runners up, or something of the sort will happen. We have decided to cease collecting here on ~~7~~ Thursday and our supplies and gear have already been broken down for the following camps and certain things, unwanted equipment, completed collections and so on, will be shipped back to Samarai. There is not a great deal of the latter, but we can estimate needs much better now than when we started. And, of course, far better than when we ~~xxx~~ were in New York. Whatever ship comes in is sure to bring the mail which has accumulated in Samarai and we shall be able to get replies to that offm anyway.

29 April. This has been a day of orders and counter-orders, packing and repacking, ships reported and ships cancelled. But it ends up with a dance in our honor by the Menapi villagers after they had piled a mass of fruits around the mango tree outside the rest-house. We are expecting to get away perhaps by Saturday and at latest on Monday; I think I said yesterday that word had come that the Ruru would be here - that has been cancelled but another ship is supposed to arrive. So we have some hope of getting out. Packing, with many complications, has been completed and what remains, so far as I am concerned, can be finished in an hour. We started packing single carrier loads of 35 pounds, switched to double carrier loads of 70 pounds, and now are back on the single carrier loads again, I think, but things are liable to change. We should receive mail by whatever boat comes in, and should also be able to get some out when she leaves us wherever she does. I think the most amusing part of the dance is the fact that so many of the dancers are down up in flowing white drapes and ribbons which turn out, on closer inspection, to be the bandages Peters, the M.O. of Baniara, left with the local medical boy. No doubt tomorrow they will be rolled up again and used for their rightful

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in due course. Collections, in my departments at any rate, have been closed for Menapi.

30 April. After the dances last night speeches were made by Len and the villagers, the latter being confined more or less to grunts of approval of Len's remarks, and then the dancers dispersed. To add a civilized touch to the original pomp and ceremony, three guitar players came along and rendered some quite good music which they had learned during the American occupation. We have everything in Menapi. But I wish I could get pictures of the dance teams - it is too dark, of course, when they arrive. This morning Ken went to the Spiller plantation to get the wireless news; it appears to be to the effect that the boat being sent for us is to go to Fergusson Island first, and not arrive here until next Monday. We should get some kind of confirmation or denial from Peter at Baniara before long. My perspiring ability is still at its peak and every morning my shirt is wringing wet an hour after breakfast; I suppose I absorb moisture when I am sleeping and then sort of wring myself out. The typewriter is not coming up to the Top Camp and for a month after we start, this journal will be handwritten; I shall have the typewriter again at the Second mountain camp.

Later, same day. Not much to add as I write now. We are quite definitely in the doldrums since we completed our packing this morning before the news of the delay until Monday reached us. There is to be a canoe sent down tomorrow from Baniara to pick up friend Hoogland, and Len and I will probably go to Baniara with him; tonight, being the eve of a move (although it is Hoogland's) was an excuse for an extra smack at the rum bottle, and Hoogland is now sleeping well in his ~~xx~~ chair; he seems reluctant to leave us and speaks of rejoining while we are at Goodenough, but I doubt if that will work out. He seems a nice enough chap, but distinctly a scientist with not a great deal of knowledge outside his science. On the whole I think we shall be rather sorry than glad when he goes, which proves my first impression to be completely wrong.

1 May. The greater part of the morning was gone when a policeman arrived from Baniara to say that the water was too rough to send a canoe along for Hoogland and that, instead, he had better walk to Baniara. Len and I had planned to go along if there was a canoe and we did not have to cover the distance twice in the one short day, but as it developed I decided not to go and Len may spend the night there and return tomorrow. It rained heavily last night and I suspect the Baniara trail will be in pretty bad condition. About noon it cleared up nicely and now is so bright that I have been able to finish up the roll of film that is in my camera; the new one will carry us through the move from here and to our disembarking camp at Baiawa, when finally we get there.

2 May. Len spent last night at Baniara, coming back to the coconut plantation by canoe about mid-morning with a gift of two fruit bats from Tony for Van and, much more important, a batch of mail. We had heard no sound of any boat but apparently Ted Smith's boat had come out from Samarai and dropped mail for us at the Police Island. It was more than welcome although there was so little of it that we expect more of it by the Jessie when she arrives. That event now has been put off until Monday evening, this being Saturday, and it is doubtful if we shall reach Baiawa before Wednesday as they will have to unload whatever cargo there may be for Menapi before loading our gear on board. Len says that Tony is leaving for Samarai next week and expects to stay there for about six months, so we shall see him again, and Peter now thinks he will see us on Maneau some time. It now is only noon, but, I am glad to say, I have a couple of letters to answer and might as well get at them.

Sunday, 3 May. This will be a very short entry as there is nothing whatever to write about. As much of the preparation for departure that can be done in advance that can be done in advance has been done; we have no reason to think there is any likelihood that the Jessie will be here before her reported time, tomorrow evening (if anything she will be later). And there is just nothing to be done at present. That being the case, we gave all the boys, including the cooks, the day off and I prepared the breakfast. We had bought six eggs at Spiller's store and I fried them with some sausages. They were good, if I say it myself, and are the first eggs in several weeks. Little Losima felt very hurt that his services were dispensed with and asked if he could

in the course. Collections, in my department at any rate, have been closed for months.

30 April. After the dances last night speeches were made by Ben and the villagers, the latter being confined more or less to grants of approval of Ben's remarks, and then the dancers dispersed. To add a civilized touch to the original pomp and ceremony, three guitar players came along and rendered some quite good music which they had learned during the American occupation. We have everything in Memphis. But I wish I could get pictures of the dance team - it is too dark, of course, when they arrive. This morning Ben went to the Spiller plantation to get the wireless news; it appears to be to the effect that the boat being sent for us is to go to Ferguson Island first, and not arrive here until next Monday. We should get some kind of confirmation on this point from Peter at Baniwa before long. My paraphrasing ability is still at its peak and every morning my shirt is wringing wet an hour after breakfast; I suppose I speak moisture when I am sleeping and then sort of waking myself out. The typewriter is not coming up to the Top Camp and for a month after we start, this journal will be handwritten; I shall have the typewriter again at the second mountain camp.

Later, same day. Not much to add as I write now. He was quite definitely in the doldrums since we completed our packing this morning before the news of the delay until Monday reached us. There is to be a canoe sent down tomorrow from Baniwa to pick up friend Hoogland, and Ben and I will probably go to Baniwa with him; tonight, being the eve of a move (although it is Hoogland's) was an excuse for an extra snack at the rum bottle, and Hoogland is now sleeping well in his chair; he seems reluctant to leave us and speaks of rejoining while we are at Goodenough, but I doubt if that will work out. He seems a nice enough chap, but distinctly a scientist with not a great deal of knowledge outside his science. On the whole I think we shall be rather sorry that when he goes, which proves my first impression to be completely wrong.

1 May. The greater part of the morning was gone when a policeman arrived from Baniwa to say that the water was too rough to send a canoe along for Hoogland and that, instead, he had better walk to Baniwa. Ben and I had planned to go along if there was a canoe and we did not have to cover the distance twice in the one short day, but as it developed I decided not to go and Ben may spend the night there and return tomorrow. It rained heavily last night and I suspect the Baniwa trail will be in pretty bad condition. About noon it cleared up nicely and now as bright as I have been able to finish up the roll of film that is in my camera; the new one will carry us through the move from here and to our disappearing camp at Baniwa, when finally we get there.

2 May. Ben spent last night at Baniwa, coming back to the coconut plantation by canoe about mid-morning with a gift of two bits from Tony for Ben and much more important, a packet of mail. We had heard no word of any boat but apparently Ted Smith's boat had come out from Baniwa and dropped mail for us at the Police Island. It was more than welcome although there was no little of it that we expect more of it by the time when she arrives. That event now has been put off until Monday evening, this being Saturday, and it is doubtful if we shall reach Baniwa before Wednesday as they will have to unload whatever cargo there may be for Menapi before loading our gear on board. Ben says that Tony is leaving for Baniwa next week and expects to stay there for about six months, so we shall see him again, and Peter now thinks he will see us on Monday some time. It is only noon, but I am glad to say, I have a couple of letters to answer and night as well as them.

Sunday, 3 May. This will be a very short entry as there is nothing whatever to write about. As much of the preparation for departure that can be done in advance that can be done in advance has been done; we have no reason to think there is any likelihood that the boat will be here before her reported time, tomorrow evening if any-thing she will be later. And there is just nothing to be done at present. That being the case, we gave all the boys, including the cooks, the day off and I prepared the breakfast. We had bought six eggs at Spiller's store and I fried them with some sausage. They were good, if I say it myself, and the first eggs in several weeks. The boatmen felt very hurt that his services were dispensed with and asked if he could



come and do the washing-up; we told him no but later he said that he felt ashamed that we should do it ourselves and looked so mournful that he was allowed to wash the lunch things and may be permitted to prepare supper, I suspect. This afternoon I prepared the next ration order, which is to carry us through to the end of August and the end of the mountain and mountain-slope camps. After that comes the return to Samarai, but I would not care to make any definite statement regarding dates; things change here very quickly and everything is completely dependent upon so many other factors that one must be adaptable and ready for alterations in plan. The point is that we shall not be ordering any more stores before our return to Samarai, though we may be taking some back with us, I suspect.

4 May. After all our information and misinformation, the Jessie arrived in a day ahead of schedule, dropping her anchor off Spiller's wharf about 1600 last night. It will not make any difference to our departure however, and we shall get away very early tomorrow morning. The cargo now is all loaded and about all that remains to be done is the folding and baling up of our cots and blankets tomorrow morning. We shall all be happy to move on; for the last four days there has been nothing to do except kill time, and that is a monotonous form of existence. The Jessie brought in a batch of mail in the Baniara bag, which of course went down to Peter; he sent our lot back this morning and I received some which was dated earlier than the letters Len brought back on the 2nd. I thought from certain references which Miriam made that there were one or two missing. Now all hands are getting mail finished up, which will be taken back to Samarai on the Jessie after she has dropped up at Vaiawa. We do not know when the next lot will be sent out but if a police runner comes up to us, he will certainly wait and take out anything we have to go.

5th May For the next few days I think this will not be much except a sort of time-table, which probably will record the various frustrating things which attend a porter-ing job by natives. We got up this morning at 0345 because the camp clock was half an hour fast; we had intended \* 0415. Our two cooks were right on the job, in fact the alarm was under Losima's head and he slept with his ear against it. The Captain of the Jessie had stated that he wanted to leave at daybreak, but by the time that we had had morning tea, finished our packing, dismantled camp and had all the loads carried to Spiller's landing, off which the Jessie was anchored, there was still no life or signs of same showing aboard the ship. It was after 0700 before we left Menapi, which recorded frustration No. 1. The original plan was to call at a place named Medino, where we were to pick up a number of porters (these small ships will load up to an indefinite degree with natives) and then go on to Baiawa, where we are to get more porters, canoe some of the loads around and up Kwagira Creek to the place where it crosses the trail, and also make some carries from Baiawa to the same place. The manoeuvring to get into Medino however was so tricky on account of coral nigger-heads, just under water, that we spent over an hour after we started to head into land and it was therefore too late to go on as darkness had fallen and it was impossible to see the way out again. The porters, twelve of them, were there, so we went ashore, took a bath in a stream and decided to spend the night on the Jessie. There were no particular incidents, humorous or otherwise, to note here, but the sun and reflection on the water was very strong and we are sun-burned all over again. Crocs infest the creek on which Medino is situated and some were seen but none taken.

6th May. The departure from Medino took place without any incident at about 0745; the porters came on board, as did our own boys who had spent the night ashore, giving the Jessie a total of not much less than forty people on board. We came into Baiawa shortly after 1100 hours and anchored some hundred yards away from the place itself, which is on a little mangrove creek bordered with mangroves and only about eighteen inches deep for the last fifty yards. Here we found that a number of porters had gathered and left again because we were so late in getting here, which rather threw us back. Ken is beginning to fail us rather, as his organizing ability is approximately ~~nil~~ nil, although he is most capable in anything which requires physical effort. I trust there will be no strife between him and Len, but this is no place for writing that. Frustration plays havoc with all of us. After considerable arguing with the porters we took on at Medino, who were anxious to quit also, after gazing at Maneau towering over us all

come and do the washing-up; we told him no but later he said that he felt ashamed that we should do it ourselves and looked so mournful that he was allowed to wash the lunch things and may be permitted to prepare supper, I suspect. This afternoon I prepared the next ration order, which is to carry us through to the end of August and the end of the mountain and mountain-slope camps. After that comes the return to General, but I would not care to make any definite statement regarding dates; things change here very quickly and everything is completely dependent upon so many other factors that one must be adaptable and ready for alterations in plan. The point is that we shall not be ordering any more stores before our return to General, though we may be taking some back with us, I suspect.

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morning, they were pacified again and another fifteen porters came into Baiawa to work for us. We have about ninety carrier loads to move from here, of which something more than fifty must be got to the top of Maneau somehow. It is no small organizing job. Maneau herself, after overshadowing us all morning, disappeared into cloud about noon and in the evening distilled a thunder storm from which the rain is pouring as I write though the thunder and lightening has ceased. The rest house is a good one though small, and we shall be snug enough, but how we move on from here must be related when it happens. It is somewhat dubious at the moment. Maybe I have not made it clear that we determined to round Cape Vogel and attack Maneau from the north; from Menapi it would have been not less than a ten day walk whereas from Baiawa we should do it in four or five, once we get the carriers. Medino and Baiawa of course are on the north coast of Cape Vogel, Medino being about the same distance in from the tip of the Cape as Menapi was in on the south side of it. Soon I shall have to pack up this writing machine, but I shall keep it out and use it as much as I can while we are here. My writing is not too clear.

7th May. We were up again very early this morning, but have seen very little of Mt. Maneau as it has been mist-covered ever since about noon. Things progressed a little this morning and the Baiawa natives turned out with their canoes bright and early and that part of the cargo which was still on the Jessie was sent off to the crossing of the creek and the Kwagira trail. However there has been no sign of the Kawansasap porters who were to join us and take the 24 or so loads which we landed, which means either that they will come along tomorrow or else we shall have to wait for the return of the Baiawa canoes, transport the stuff to the creek landing and then join the advance party at Kwagira. This group of porters is supposed to go all the way to Biniguni, another day's carry ~~is~~ after Kwagira, and at Biniguni we expect to get a relay to make the mountain camps. That is the plan - what will eventually be done remains to be seen. This rest-house is situated on top of quite a steep hill, about 150 feet above Baiawa village, which is in a swamp.

8th May. Things seem to have squared themselves out again today, by the word received from Ken. Two letters came in by the Baiawa ~~ma~~ village constable, one written on Thursday and the other today. Thursday's was discouraged and disconsolate but that which he wrote today was from Biniguni, where he had arrived with the shipment, and contained the news that he had gathered fifty porters who would pick up what we have left to ship from here, plus as much as we have extra porters for, and carry to Biniguni for us. The extra stuff referred to is material which Ken would have to bring along to Biniguni after we reached the Top Camp, and therefore if we could get several loads along on Tuesday, that would lighten his later efforts. This morning we unpacked a little collecting gear, so far as I am concerned just enough to equip me and my two boys, and we went into the big forest nearby. It is rich collecting ground and I saw but did not reach some of the big blue butterflies which are so spectacular. I saw, and collected, another of the brown snakes of which I am uncertain; he was at the foot of a tree and I shot him with dust shot. It did not kill him and I used forceps, of course, to pick him up and put him in the snake bag. While going in, he struck at the side of the bag so quickly that I could neither feel nor see a motion, but his fangs took some removing from the bag. I think also that it should be prolific death-adder ground, and have warned the others accordingly. A bad thing is that I shall have to give up my best boy, Niko, apparently, and take Jimi, who has been travelling with Ken. Apparently Jimi did not do what Ken wanted him to do, and said that he had done it. Therefore Ken will have no more to do with Jimi but wants to keep Niko. Why it should be my boy that is taken always, I do not know, but there it is. Ken has no good word to say for any of the natives except for his own boy, David, and he has been lent to Van. I think before long Ken will be displeased with Niko, and, in fact, will not rest until he had David back under his wing again, which, I think, would please everybody except Van; there is so much favoritism shown to David that it is not a good thing at all and can only create discord all through the staff. With next Tuesday (today is Friday) set as our moving day, we know now what we can do and must prepare for.

9 May. It is so humid today that if I so much as shake my head, gobs of sweat jump from

morning, they were loaded again and another fifteen porters came into Balawa to work for us. We have about ninety carrier loads to move from here, of which something more than fifty must be got to the top of Mamasan tomorrow. It is no small organizing job. Mamasan herself, after overlooking us all morning, disappeared into cloud about noon and in the evening distilled a thunder storm from which the rain is pouring as I write, though the thunder and lightning has ceased. The rest house is a good one though small, and we shall be snug enough, but how we move on from here must be related when it happens. It is somewhat dubious at the moment. Maybe I have not made it clear that we determined to round Cape Vogel and attack Mamasan from the north; from Mamasan it would have been not less than a ten day walk whereas from Balawa we should do it in four or five, once we get the carriers. Medicine and Balawa of course are on the north coast of Cape Vogel, Medicine being about the same distance from the tip of the Cape as Mamasan was in on the south side of it. Soon I shall have to pick up this writing machine, but I shall keep it out and use it as much as I can while we are here. My writing is not too clear.

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8th May. Things seem to have appeared themselves out again today, by the word received from Ken. Two letters came in by the Balawa village constable, one written on Thursday and the other today. Thursday's was disorganized and disconsolate but that which he wrote today was from Bimigini, where he had arrived with the equipment, and contained the news that he had gathered fifty porters who would pick up what we have left to ship from here, plus as much as we have extra porters for, and carry to Bimigini for us. The extra stuff referred to is material which Ken would have to bring along to Bimigini after we reached the Top Camp, and therefore if we could get several loads along on Tuesday, that would lighten his later efforts. This morning we unpacked a little collecting gear, so far as I am concerned just enough to equip me and my two boys, and we went into the big forest nearby. It is rich collecting ground and I saw, and collected, not much of the big blue butterflies which are so spectacular. I saw, and collected, another of the brown snakes of which I am uncertain; he was at the foot of a tree and I shot him with that shot. It did not kill him and I used forceps, of course, to pick him up and put him in the snake bag. While going in, he struck at the side of the bag so quickly that I could neither feel nor see a reaction, but his fangs took some removal from the bag. I think also that it should be possible to get better ground, and have warned the others accordingly. A bad thing is that I shall have to give up my best boy, Niko, apparently, and take Tim, who has been travelling with Ken. Apparently Tim did not do what Ken wanted him to do, and said that he had done it. Therefore Ken will have no more to do with Tim but wants to keep Niko. Why it should be my boy that is taken always, I do not know, but there it is. Ken has no good word to say for any of the natives except for his own boy, David, and he has been lent to Van. I think before long Ken will be displeased with Niko, and, in fact, will not rest until he has David back under his wing again, which, I think, would please everybody except Van; there is so much favoritism shown to David that it is not a good thing at all and can only create discord all through the staff. With next Tuesday (today is Friday) set as our moving day, we know now what we can do and must prepare for.

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my brow and course down my glasses. It rained most of last night and as a result, our view of Maneau this morning was very clear though now, 1100, it has disappeared from view again. In the meantime, porters are coming in in fair quantities and if we move from here next Tuesday, as now is planned, it will mean one or more days travel for the next messenger depending on how far we have moved. I have not said anything much about the camp here. It is another rest-house, erected and maintained by the villagers, and under the nominal charge, its maintenance anyway, of the village constable. It is of split bamboo again, but much smaller than the Menapi house and we have some trouble in getting ourselves and all our gear into the place. There are orange trees right next to it, a sweet flowering bush grows along the crest of the hill on which the house stands, and we are level with the tops of the coconut palms which grow in the village below. Our cook staff, little Losima and Keem, are jewels and Losima in particular is a most appealing little fellow. He stands a bare 4'6" high and would easily pass as any one of the Seven Dwarfs. To watch the long and protracted thought which is applied to such problems as the fact that fruit is served first at breakfast and last at all other meals, is a joy to watch, and the final shrug of the shoulders and mild expression of disgust at the impossibility of understanding the ways of the taubada is most expressive. He trots along behind whenever we move, keeping close to one of us, and loves to go out at night and hunt with Van, being most apologetic when the wallabies refuse to put their heads up to be shot. Keem is very much on the "wise guy" order, but an excellent cook and has perhaps more knowledge of English than he admits. What failings he may have in the way of honesty are more than offset, however, by his cooking and his willingness to do almost any kind of work and to do it hard and well. Jimi seems to be our weakest link, and one of Van's boys, Lik-Lik. The rest, I would say, are a good crowd and it is easy to see why the Gossiago boys are preferred over all other Island and New Guinea boys. They almost always have a smile, and every evening the atmosphere is blasted with the discords and minors of their singing, but it is singing, and indicates a good mood and spirit. Last night, perhaps because of the rain, was a good light-trap night. This morning's count was 1860, many of which were good sized moths, and there was a considerable variety. Today is Saturday and I must close this up and get the rations ready, as well as the weekly issue of tobacco and matches and soap. We seem to be sitting on a powder barrel just now and if and when it explodes, we have no idea in which direction we shall be blown. Although this page is not finished, I think I shall consider it so, and take it out now.

9th May, later. I don't know that there is any point in adding anything to this day's entry, but I did forget to note herein that I did take bearings this morning on Maneau's Top, 210 degrees, and on the southernmost peak of the Goropu group of mountains, 265 degrees. The day has been bad from the collecting viewpoint, for my department, and we are infested with local visitors, who get terribly in the way, and see things which they should not see. Articles of equipment, for instance, for the possession of which murder would be nothing. It is unfortunate that we could have no idea until it was too late, that we would be here this length of time, or else we could have erected a preparation fly and put a fence around it. The fence, flimsy though it may be, is generally respected by the N.G. native. The Gossiagos are singing again, having been issued with their weekly ration of sugar, tea, meat, dripping, soap, matches and tobacco, and I am glad that they are happy, for I do not feel too comfortable in this place. The Baniara police-boy did not bring any mail in when he came before so evidently there has been no ship out from Samarai since we left Menapi.

Sunday, 10 May. A day much like the previous few and no further word on anything of any importance. Porters from various villages and tribes are coming in preparation for the big life on Tuesday early morning and spend their time peering at us and clustering around wherever and whoever is working. Some have come from Kwagira, some from Kawansasap. a few Baiawa boys have straggled back from their first carry, men have come in from Medino, and all in all we may have as many as fifty to do the job. Tomorrow we shall do no collecting but separate the things which we hope to move on Tuesday, and make copious lists of the things we are leaving behind; most of the latter is to come along some time, either for the second mountain camp, or for Binguni camp, but a certain amount will be left here until our return. Ken will do the transporting of the things which have

my brow and course down my glasses. It rained most of last night and as a result, our view of Menam this morning was very clear though now, 11:00, it has disappeared from view again. In the meantime, porters are coming in in their quantities and if we move from here next Tuesday, as now is planned, it will mean one or more days travel for the next messengers depending on how far we have moved. I have not said anything much about the camp here. It is another rest-house, erected and maintained by the villagers, and under the nominal charge, its maintenance is the village constable. It is of split bamboo again, but much smaller than the Menapi house and we have some trouble in getting ourselves and all our gear into the place. There are orange trees right next to it, a sweet flowering bush grows along the crest of the hill on which the house stands, and we are level with the tops of the coconut palms which grow in the village below. Our cook staff, little Posma and Kean, are jewels and looking in particularly is a most appealing little fellow. He stands a bare 4'6" high and would easily pass as any one of the given Burmese. To watch the long and protracted thought which is applied to such problems as the fact that fruit is served first at breakfast and last at all other meals, is a joy to watch, and the final string of the shoulders and mild expression of disgust at the impossibility of understanding the ways of the Burmese is most expensive. He trots along behind whenever we move, keeping close to one of us, and loves to go out at night and hunt with Wan, being most apologetic when the village men refuse to put their heads up to be shot. Kean is very much on the "wise guy" order, but an excellent cook and has perhaps more knowledge of English than he admits. What feelings he may have in the way of honesty are more than offset, however, by his cooking and his willingness to do almost any kind of work and to do it hard and well. That seems to be our weakest link, and one of Wan's boys, Lik-Lik. The rest, I would say, are a good crowd and it is easy to see why the Gossage boys are preferred over all other island and New Guinea boys. They almost always have a smile, and every evening the atmosphere is plastered with the discord and minor of their singing, but it is singing, and indicates a good mood and spirit. Last night, perhaps because of the rain, was a good light-trap night. This morning's count was 1800, many of which were good sized moths, and there was a considerable variety. Today is Saturday and I must close this up and get the ration ready, as well as the weekly issue of tobacco and matches and soap. We seem to be sitting on a powder barrel just now and if and when it explodes, we have no idea in which direction we shall be blown. Although this page is not finished, I think I shall consider it so, and take it out now.

9th May, later. I don't know that there is any point in adding anything to this day's entry, but I did forget to note herein that I did take bearings this morning on Menam's Top, 210 degrees, and on the southernmost peak of the Gossage group of mountains, 205 degrees. The day has been bad from the collecting viewpoint, for my department, and we are infested with local visitors, who get terribly in the way, and see things which they should not see. Articles of equipment, for instance, for the possession of which murder would be nothing. It is unfortunate that we could have no idea until it was too late, that we would be held this length of time, or else we could have erected a proposition fly and put a fence around it. The fence, flimsy though it may be, is generally respected by the N.G. native. The Gossages are singing again, having been issued with their weekly ration of sugar, tea, meat, dripping, soap, matches and tobacco, and I am glad that they are happy, for I do not feel too comfortable in this place. The Burmese police-boy did not bring any mail in when he came before so evidently there has been no ship out from Samarai since we left Menapi.

8th May. 10 May. A day much like the previous few and no further word on anything of any importance. Porters from various villages and tribes are coming in preparation for the big life on Tuesday morning and spend their time peering at us and clattering around wherever and whoever is working. Some have come from Kwagira, some from Kawanassah. A few Balawa boys have straggled back from their first carry, men have come from Medino, and all in all we may have as many as fifty to do the job. Tomorrow we shall do no collecting but separate the things which we hope to move on Tuesday, and make copies of the things we are leaving behind; most of the latter is to come along some time, either for the second mountain camp, or for Bimant camp, but a certain amount will be left here until our return. Men will do the transporting of the things which have



to be moved, and we are bound to come out through this place when we have finished the mountains. Most of us and nearly all of the local villagers seem to have head-colds and mine was accompanied by a severe nose-bleed this afternoon. That sometimes goes along with a cold with me, but I feel very fit anyway. I did little today but prepared a statement of expenses and finances up to date; this afternoon I walked over the big forest but it was cloudy and there was little flying or crawling. Perhaps I should have made it clear that the transportation of the things which we do not take with us tomorrow will be carried out by Ken while we are working at the Top Camp. I think that is all for this day. Perhaps I should have said also that the "fence" referred to last night is nothing but that, and a very flimsy one indeed, but it carries the authority of Government which is respected by the natives; Healy, the A.D.O. in Samarai authorized us to fence whenever we thought it necessary, which is at every village. A thing I have not mentioned yet is the dog and pig fights which go on all the time in the village. The pig is the preferred house pet, I think, and the dogs are poor, skinny creatures, but every now and then a pack of them corner and attack a pig. The pig squeals and then charges the dogs who run yelping in all directions. Pig and dog shrieks echo up the hill to us and then usually one of the local babies starts to yell, just to add to the general pandemonium.

11 May. This day marks the end of our visit to Baiawa until after we have finished with the mountain, for we get up at 0400 tomorrow. We shall breakfast and then wait for two hours while the villagers in whose canoes we are to travel do the same. The first lot of cargo went off to Kwagira landing about 1700 this afternoon; two of the clumsy outrigger canoes upset while being loaded, dumping one of Van's boxes and one containing the trade tobacco. Both had to be brought back for drying. Other than there was no particular event during the day and I am leaving my typewriter here tomorrow so everybody interested henceforth will have to struggle with my handwriting.

Little later, same night. It occurs to me that I have not been very explicit about this phase of the move. It developed this morning that there would not be enough porters and canoes available tomorrow to make the portage to Moi Biri Creek, which is Kwagira Landing. Therefore I suggested that they carry part of the cargo this afternoon and the balance tomorrow morning, which was decided upon. The part which has gone, during which the canoes tipped over, was the first half of it. Now we are not sure how we shall get it on from Kwagira Landing through Kwagira and on to Biniguni, but we understand that the Baiawa men will quit at Kwagira and a group from another village, Opagwari, will continue to Biniguni. At first the Opagwaris were to carry from Biniguni to Top Camp. I'll make it all clear as it develops.

12 May. Up at 0345 and left Baiawa approximately 0630. First part of the journey consisted of a very pleasant canoe trip across Moi Biri Bay to the mouth of Moi Biri Creek. There were no accidents in loading. At the mouth of the Creek, running between mangrove roots and so covered in by trees that it was quite dim a python coiled in the branches of a tree did not even raise its head at our passage. Having no gun nor means of preserving the creature, I ignored it likewise. We must have travelled nearly 3/4 of an hour up the creek which narrowed and shallowed so that we were stuck on fallen logs several times but a few minutes after we reached the landing there were thirty-four porters. They picked up all but sixteen of the loads, a few women carrying too, and we moved off to Kwagira at a good clip, making the journey in 1 1/4 hours. During the march I started at the rear, as we all did, and worked my way to the head of the column, having to travel pretty fast to pass the carriers. As I walked into the village from one end Ken came in from the other. It was good to see him. We had planned to walk on to Biniguni, but the porters wanted to rest and I was not sorry over that. Kwagira is a pretty village with a river running past it and I got some pictures which I hope will turn out well. The last roll stuck badly and I only got about six or seven exposures from it, but this one seems to run freely and well and I am quite hopeful that perhaps I have mastered it. We were all tired after the early departure and turned in shortly after 8 PM. The people though are getting dirtier and dirtier and many of them are covered with ring-worm from head to foot. A great help was that the weather was cool, clear and lovely.

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11 May. This day marks the end of our visit to Balawa until after we have finished with the mountain, for we got up at 0400 tomorrow. We shall breakfast and then wait for two hours while the villagers in whose canoes we are to travel do the same. The first lot of cargo went off to Kwagira Landing about 1700 this afternoon; two of the canoes out-rigger canoes upset while being loaded, dumping one of Van's boxes and one containing the trade tobacco. Both had to be brought back for drying. Other than there was no partition for eventuating the day and I am leaving my typewriter here tomorrow as everybody interested henceforth will have to struggle with my handwriting.

Little later, same night. It occurs to me that I have not been very explicit about this phase of the move. It developed this morning that there would not be enough porters and canoes available tomorrow to make the portage to Mok Biri Creek, which is Kwagira Landing. Therefore I suggested that they carry part of the cargo this afternoon and the balance tomorrow morning, which was decided upon. The part which had gone, during which the canoes tipped over, was the first half of it. Now we are not sure how we shall get it on from Kwagira Landing through Kwagira and on to Biniang, but we understand that the Balawa men will quit at Kwagira and a group from another village, Oqagari, will continue to Biniang. At first the Oqagari were to carry from Biniang to Top Camp. I'll make it all clear as it develops.

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13 May. 0530 came very quickly in spite of our early retirement, but we all slept well, I think. Certainly I did. We moved off at 0630 - the porters did, that is, and we followed shortly afterward. First we forded the river, about knee deep and put our boots on on the other side. That was a good effort, but we forded the river so many times and the mud was so deep that before long we gave up as we were losing so much time putting on and taking off our boots. At one of the crossings the skull of a crocodile was impaled on a post as a warning but the stream was clear and limpid. We passed first through the village of Opagwari, after about two to 2½ hours march, Budmag (Budumaga) an hour and a quarter later and Biniguni about ¾ after that. I was pretty tired and completely parched on arrival, but the cooks had been at the head of the column and tea was waiting when I straggled in. For the first part of the trip Ken and I were together but after two hours marching I have to travel at my own pace, which is just about half anybody's else's, I fear. A pay-off of porters took place immediately on arrival, followed by another reorganization of stores as Len and I start up the mountain tomorrow morning. We hope to camp at about 650 or 700 meters for the night and go on to the 1400 m. the next day. Ken and Van will start on the second day and make the 1400 m. climb in one day climb, being young and strong. Ken may not come then, ~~depending~~ depending on the porter situation. It is now five P.M. and another early turn-in is forecast, for me anyway.

14 May. We left Biniguni, Len, myself and six boys and eight porters at 0730 in a chorus of wild yells and yodels. The first mile or so was level, through wet forest and we passed one of the former sites of Biniguni. The current one is the fourth village of that name, the three previous ones having been abandoned perhaps because of a death in the tribe, perhaps because something else haunted them. We crossed the Ginum River, in a bouldery glen and were then faced with our climb. It was more or less straight up but through forest and not over rock, and was pretty hard on the legs. I never knew before how big and heavy my feet are - always considered them sort of dainty. At 570 meters we stopped for about 20 minutes, having stopped at short intervals all the time. The porters, who had started off at a great speed, were tiring, and at 700 meters we came to the last water for that particular stretch and made camp there about noon. Tomorrow we should make at least as much again, and the back of the job (I hope not mine) will be broken. At that point, which is to be the site of our second mountain camp, Van and Ken and the main body of porters should join us and we shall rig and leave a fly there for the future. On the following day we shall continue up, but the slope will be less abrupt, until we reach the site of the top camp. That will be a thousand feet at least below the real summit but it is the last water on the mountain. The weather has been good - cool and bright - it clouded a little in the early afternoon but cleared again and has been a good climbing day. The trail is all clay and would be terrible ~~if~~ if it were wet. We took little Losima with us to do the cooking and he stayed close by our side all the time; when we made our 20 minute halt he gave us his own cup, ours being packed, to drink from, a gaudy, green enamel thing with red flowers all over it. So dense has the tree cover been that at only one point could we see anything out from the mountain, and our noses have been pretty much in the mud.

15 May. We turned in shortly after 2000 last night, both of us pretty far gone, but were up at 0530 and on our way again at 0700. Today's was a tough, grueling climb. There was a message from Ken; he had not got all the porters he needed and he and Van are not coming up today. Instead the Biniguni chief is bringing what men he can with more food and Len's collecting gear and I suppose the remainder will arrive with Van.

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9 May. (Insert on 4th line of first paragraph, after "from view again" )

I am writing at this hour because on my way out hunting, after making up yesterday's specimens, I met Len coming in with a police-boy who had come from Baniara. He brought the bad news that Marie's condition was serious and uncertain and that severe dropsy had set in. It puts Len, and I suppose, all of us in a rather desperate situation. Len is sending cables back by the police-boy to the doctor, who sent the message, and to Marie's brother, Joe, and is standing by to leave if required. It would take him about three weeks to get home. In the meantime porters are coming in in fair quantities and if we move from here next Tuesday as now planned, it will make Len's return all the more difficult, if that is required, and it also will mean one or more extra days travel for the next messenger, depending on how far we have moved. What may become of the expedition should Len leave, has not yet been discussed.

9th May, later. (The last sentence in full reads:

The Baniara police-boy did not bring any mail in when he came with Len's cable, so evidently there has been no ship out from Samarai since we left Menapi.

Sunday, 10th May. (insert in 12th line, after words "we have finished the mountains".)

Len said last night that if he finds it necessary to return, he wants me to take charge and of course I shall do my best, in that unfortunate circumstance, to carry out the original program.

(Insert in 14th line, after words "I did little today but prepared a statement of expenses and finances up to date" for Len to take if he goes back.

15 May. (Insert after word "climb" in line three.)

but was relieved for me and made worse for Len by the arrival of a police runner. He had a radiogram from Marie's brother saying that while the doctor was uncertain that she had Hodgkin's (Hodgson's) disease, her recovery was very doubtful. The only way Len can get out is from Baniara on June 5th; he could easily get to Baniara, but it will take at least three weeks from there and his arrival in time is questionable. He is sending a reply out by runner tomorrow morning, so I can get a letter off to Miriam in reply to the one from her which came in with Len's cable. Also

9 May. (Insert on 4th line of first paragraph, after "from view again")  
I am writing at this hour because on my way out hunting, after making up  
yesterday's specimen, I met Ben coming in with a police-boy who had come from Benares.  
He brought the bad news that Marie's condition was serious and uncertain and that severe  
dropsy had set in. It puts Ben, and I suppose, all of us in a rather desperate situa-  
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come of the expedition should Ben leave, has not yet been discussed.

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The Benares police-boy did not bring any mail in when he came with Ben's cable, so  
evidently there has been no ship out from Benares since we left Murchison.

Sunday, 10th May. (Insert in 12th line, after words "we have finished the mountains".)  
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charge and of course I shall do my best, in that unfortunate circumstance, to carry out  
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(Insert in 14th line, after words "I did little today but prepared  
a statement of expenses and finances up to date")  
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